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# Mr. Lindgren's Moment of Truth

AMID the hubbub of Labour protests which greeted the Chancellor's announcement of increased charges for the social services, the authentic voice of British trade unionism made itself heard. "As far as I am concerned and the members whom I represent, the right honourable gentleman has had it on wage increases." This interjection from Mr. George Lindgren, a peaceable, conformist trade union member of parliament, was more than an instinctive personal reaction to Mr. Thorneycroft's arrogance. It was an expression of trade union revolt against the government's steadily unfolding political purpose—just as significant as Sir Vincent Tewson's more formal condemnation the following day.

Since 1951, the government's policy has been consistently designed to shift the economic burden back on to the shoulders from which Labour lifted it. The first step was the cutting of the food subsidies. This was followed by a series of measures, from purchase tax changes to the recent increase in the price of petrol, all intended to increase the cost of living. The impact of price rises was blunted while cash wages followed suit. But the day of reckoning was bound to come. After six years, the average worker is beginning to realise that he is losing the race against inflation. It has become clear that the "social wage" which, since the war, has played such an important part in raising working-class living standards, has been progressively devalued since the end of the Labour government.

But a further chapter is opening; for the existence of an inflationary spiral, largely created by deliberate government policy, now provides the government with an economic pretext (which it has long sought on purely political grounds) to change the principle of social-service finance from one of sharing the burden through taxation back to the traditional arrangement of charges plus charity. The latest move in the Tory campaign is this week's decision to increase the weekly insurance contributions of all wage earners by an equal amount—thus relatively increasing the levy on the poorer worker, at the moment when he has to pay more for welfare milk and school meals and at a time when there is a rising Tory demand that savings on the social services should be used to finance tax reliefs.

The prospect of holding back the trade unions from wage demands in face of this basic challenge is therefore remote. As Mr. Frank Cousins warned the government at Brighton last year, if the game was to be one of "free for all," two could play it. Why, then, has the government taken this step at the very moment when North Lewisham has given it a severe political jolt? The answer is twofold: first, Tory abstentions have been the keynote of recent by-elections. Many of the once faithful supporters are deserting or sulking in their tents. If the Tory party is to revive, it must be given an injection of its own class principles: at whatever cost in unpopularity elsewhere, the government feels it must play to its own gallery. But Mr. Macmillan may be gambling on the hope that unpopularity will be temporary and that the policy may soon bear fruits as well as thorns. Inflation is already giving way to deflation: production, which has been stationary for eighteen months, has taken a downward turn. Revenue is not rising at the same rate as expenditure. In other words there is already an element of hidden unemployment in the economy and this, it is argued, will help to frighten workers from pressing wage demands.

Whether or not this gamble succeeds depends on the Labour Party. The Tory dilemma is real. Great though their need may be to hearten their own party stalwarts, it is doubtful whether they can win a general election purely on the "golf-club vote." If Labour propaganda is effective in the next few months in exposing the real nature of government policy, it can detach from their present allegiance many of those working-class voters who still vote Tory and on whom the Tory party must depend for power.

# Comments on the Week's News

## Israel Gains Ground

There is, at the moment, a lull in the protracted negotiations to secure the withdrawal of Israeli forces from the Aqaba Gulf; but it is quite clear that Israel has won the first round. By securing American withdrawal from the project to impose U.N. sanctions, she has scuttled the scheme once and for all. Both minority and majority leaders in the Senate have now unequivocally committed themselves to opposing sanctions, and feeling in the House is even stronger. President Eisenhower's latest consultations show that he is beginning to pay more attention to Congressional opinion in this matter, and at this week's press conference Mr. Dulles repeated the assurances, given in a recent *aide-mémoire*, that America was willing to send ships up the Gulf. The next step is for Israel to define, in private, the minimum guarantees she will require in return for withdrawal. Clearly, she cannot afford to compromise in the Gulf of Aqaba, and she must insist on some sort of guarantee against the resumption of *fedayeen* raids from the Gaza Strip. But it is plain that the Americans, engaged in a diplomatic offensive to win the confidence of the Arab world, will not be prepared to make unlimited concessions to meet Israel's claims—at least in public—and there are some signs that the Israelis are beginning to appreciate this. They may be wise now to concentrate their efforts on securing American help in extracting from Egypt a public declaration that she is no longer in a state of belligerency with Israel. This might prove to be the easiest approach to their objective and, if successful, it would destroy Egypt's claim that her activities against Israel have a legal basis. Meanwhile, time is on Israel's side: the U.N. motion on Algeria was a substantial defeat for the Arab bloc, and the days when France was her only U.N. supporter are over; the Soviet decision to support India over Kashmir will further weaken the unity of the Afro-Asian-Soviet group. Nearer home, the Nasser regime is in trouble—as the arrest of Major Salem hints—and it may be that pressure from the army will force Nasser to make an extremist declaration about the Canal which will further weaken his position in the U.N. Israel is slowly gaining ground: all the more reason for caution and patience in Tel-Aviv.

## A New Chapter in Malaya

The report of the Federation of Malaya Constitutional Commission (the Reid Commission), published this week, attempts something unique in history—the drafting of a constitution for a country containing predominantly two different races almost equal in numbers. The proposals bear all the marks of compromise between the Malayan Chinese and the indigenous Malays. All non-Malays born in the country after independence day would automatically become citizens, and naturalisation would be made easier for other categories. On the other hand, the Malay reserved places in the civil service and in educational institutions would be entrenched for 15 years. Pre-occupation with communal strains is also shown in the careful proposals for anticipating friction between the federal centre and the separate states under their Malay rulers. (An advisory finance council of federal and state ministers is, for example, suggested.) The Pakistani member of the Commission, Judge Abdul Hamid, in his minority report evidently believes that, even with the proposed safeguards, his fellow-Muslim Malays are being asked to concede too much to the Chinese. He insists, for instance, that Islam should be the state religion of Malaya, and that the Malay "special rights" should be more strongly entrenched. He takes his stand on the recommendations of the ruling party, the Alliance of Malays, Chinese and Indians. The Alliance, however, was elected on an overwhelmingly Malay franchise, and clearly enough, the majority in the Commission have felt it necessary to concede somewhat more to the non-Malay races than is agreeable to the predominantly Malay Alliance. But the Malay reaction may be a sharp one. The three opposition Malay parties—Islam, Rayat and Negara—are likely to try to arouse the Malays against the report. This may impose a serious strain on the Malay section of the governing Alliance. Will Tungku Abdul Rahman, the present Chief Minister, and his Malay colleagues agree to the Reid proposals as the basis of discussion for the future Malayan constitution? If they do a difficult hurdle will have been taken. Nevertheless after independence the inter-communal strains will show themselves again when the constitution itself comes to be hammered out by the Malayan assembly. A very difficult operation has only just begun.

## Legal Niceties in Kashmir

It will be disastrous for this country, for India and the Commonwealth if the recent flood of discussion on Kashmir leads only to increased tension. A "holding resolution," in the U.N., to which Pandit Nehru says India has no objection, would provide time for tempers to cool on all sides and for concessions to be considered with the co-operation of Mr. Jarring, the president of the Security Council for this month. When so much has been said, and at such length, there is a danger that one point might be overlooked; there has so far been no illegal act by India, and the future of Kashmir is still open to settlement by negotiation. It was assumed that the United Nations resolution demanding the retention of the *status quo* referred to the action of the Kashmir Constituent Assembly in declaring Kashmir part of India, and that this was a violation of the 1951 resolution which was accepted by India herself. But that is an error; for the U.N. resolution was addressed to Delhi, and India has not in fact accepted the Kashmir Constituent Assembly's proposal. So it seems that India is not in default—a fact which Mr. Dulles mentioned earlier this month at a press conference. He said that he did not consider India to be in violation of the U.N. Charter despite the dissolution of the Kashmir legislature and the formal incorporation of the state into India. India would be defying the 1951 Resolution only if she now declared on the basis of the Kashmir Assembly's vote that Kashmir was formally and finally incorporated into India; and this Pandit Nehru shows no sign of doing.

## Colonial Office Schizophrenia

Yet another colonial delegation has joined the queue at the Colonial Office this week. This time it is a repeat visit of members of the Legislative Council of Mauritius. They were last here 18 months ago, when the Colonial Secretary turned his back on British political tradition by pressing the Mauritians to accept a form of proportional representation. Mr. Lennox-Boyd made the astounding suggestion that after 25 members of the Legislative Council had been elected on the system of a single transferable vote, the members of the legislature itself should adopt the same procedure in electing their representatives to the Executive Council. This surely makes a mockery of representative government. It forces permanent artificial coalitions. It is designed to disrupt the party system of election and the principle of majority party government. The reason for these retrograde proposals is the fear of the Colonial Office that the Mauritius Labour Party would dominate elections and secure strong government. It is surely a paradox for the Colonial Office, so often excusing itself from passing over responsibility on the grounds of weak government, now to be frightened that a colonial government may be too strong. In the background of this situation lies the further fear that, because Indians are in a majority amongst the Mauritian population, they will be able to control the new Mauritian government. The Mauritius Labour Party is often accused of being a Hindu party; but in practice it is the Labour Party which has set itself the significant task of breaking through racial communalism, and representing political policy rather than of racial factions. Its members of the Legislative Council include Coloureds and an Indian Christian as well as Hindus, while it has also sponsored Muslim candidates. The representatives of the party can, therefore, be assured that their opposition to Colonial Office schizophrenia will be widely supported in this country.

## The Price of Radio Valves

The report of the Monopolies Commission on the restrictive practices engaged in by the firms belonging to the British Radio Valve Manufacturers' Association—known as B.V.A.—loses some, but by no means all, of its effectiveness because it relates mainly to practices that were enforced before 1956, when the B.V.A. was compelled to alter some of them by the new legislation dealing with retail price maintenance. There is not, however, any reason to suppose that the general situation has greatly altered, except that the Association has ceased to regulate prices collectively under any formal arrangements, and that certain forms of price discrimination between purchasers have been given up. What emerges from the report is that there has been, or was until quite recently, an extraordinarily wide gap between costs of manufacture and retail selling prices, and also a curious price discrimination between valves and tubes sold for building into new sets and those sold for use as renewals—so that set-owners had to pay very heavily for maintenance. The report gives two examples of the build-up of retail prices from costs of production. For a 14in. tube the manufacturing cost in December, 1954, at Mullard's—the biggest and most efficient firm—was £5 6s. 1d., to which was added a profit of £4 9s. 6d. Wholesalers' and retailers' margins together added £4 19s. 5d., making in all £14 15s. On top of this came purchase tax of £5 15s. 1d., resulting in a retail price of £20 10s. 1d., or not much short of four times the manufacturing cost. The manufacturers' answer to the report is that the Commission's analysis happens to deal with a period of exceptionally high profits, that profits have fallen sharply since 1954; and, further, that the industry is one that calls for exceptionally high spending, both on research and on investment in new plant. Even if this is so, the public will take a lot of convincing that there can be any justification for prices so entirely unrelated to manufacturing

costs, or that the mere abandonment of formal price-fixing arrangements between firms will suffice to put matters right. Legitimate anxiety is increased by the fact that one firm alone, Mullard's (itself a subsidiary of the Dutch firm, N.V. Philips), controlled two-thirds of the total supply of tubes and nearly one-third of that of valves. The trouble is that, once again, the report comes too long after the facts it describes to provide guidance to the necessary action.

### The Strike Front

The A.E.U. men at Briggs having voted for strike action to secure Mr. McLoughlin's reinstatement, the union has now officially decided to call a strike, but has allowed time for further negotiations before the strike notices take effect. It has also asked the other unions to support its policy, in the knowledge that some of them would have preferred to see the whole matter referred to the Minister of Labour with a request that he set up a court of inquiry. The ministry's chief conciliation officer, Sir Wilfred Neden, has been interviewing representatives of both parties, and trying to arrange a joint meeting in the hope of avoiding a further strike; but the Ford Company, which controls Briggs, seems to have dug its toes in, so as to make the issue one of those awkward matters of principle on which neither side can give way without losing face.

Meanwhile, the threatened work-to-rule action of the Electrical Power Engineers' Association has been postponed in order to allow further discussions to take place over the issue of differentials for this class of technical-professional employees; although the General Secretary, Mr. Norton, said on Monday that they would refuse to take their case to arbitration and would not hesitate to renew their work-to-rule policy or even to take a strike ballot, he has now changed his mind, and a settlement following arbitration seems possible.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Bonn

### Expendable Adenauer

*A Correspondent in West Germany writes:* Dr. Adenauer is really interested in only one of the proposals contained in Mr. Bulganin's personal message delivered on February 8. This is a consular convention to facilitate the repatriation of German nationals. In Moscow in 1955, the Chancellor agreed to an exchange of diplomatic missions in return for the release of German prisoners. He was bitterly disappointed to learn that these numbered only 10,000. More than two and a half million Germans are missing from the war, most of them from the eastern front; but when the Chancellor queried the figure of 10,000, he was curtly told that the rest were under the ground. The Red Cross has since collected evidence that another 5,000 may have survived. Apart from the *Volksdeutsche*, most of whose ancestors settled in Russia centuries ago, it is still believed here that between 80,000 and 100,000 German nationals continue to be held in the Soviet Union. The opening of Soviet consulates in Hamburg and Düsseldorf would be a small price to pay for their release in an election year.

Dr. Adenauer has also announced his willingness to negotiate a trade agreement; but for the rest the answer to Mr. Bulganin was implied in a statement which was only partly occasioned by the Russian note. Alarmed at the growing possibility of American interest in a neutralised Germany, the Chancellor told the Foreign Press Association that Germany cannot be neutralised against the wishes of its people. This statement, certainly intended as much for American as for Russian consumption, demonstrates the increased weight the growing Bundeswehr is already giving to West German diplomacy—a by-product of the decision to re-arm the Federal Republic which seems to have surprised some western diplomats here. It was a pity that Herr Ollenhauer was in Washington at the time and not in Bonn. A Social Democratic spokesman denied that his party had ever supported neutralisation. That is strictly true, but hardly goes far enough. The S.P.D. believes that European security and German reunification are impossible while Nato and the Warsaw Pact survive: the cost of these alliances, it is argued, is paid by the workers in larger taxes and postponed social benefits: the British decision to cut down the defence budget shows that no European country can hope to bear the burden of modern armaments. Herr Ollenhauer contends that conscription must be repealed, that West Germany must seek revision of the Paris Treaties and work with the western powers towards a European security system. In an interview before his departure to the U.S., he recognised Soviet fears for its own security and pointed out that, as a member of a European system, the Soviet Union could join in deciding the military strength of a re-united Germany.

This visit to Washington has caused Dr. Adenauer more anxiety and embarrassment than the Bulganin note. And not without reason. Herr Ollenhauer's programme includes a meeting with President Eisenhower, conferences at the State Department and Pentagon, as well as appearances on TV and radio. Moreover, the American embassy here is beginning to show an interest in the S.P.D. - Is Washington, for the first time, willing to believe that Dr. Adenauer is expendable and that the Social Democrats are respectable?

## Trieste

### Who Loses Face?

*Bruce Renton writes from Trieste:* In the spring of 1955, B and K made the first of their spectacular visits—to Belgrade—and Vittorio Vidali, leader of the Trieste CP, was the first Communist in the world to announce publicly that he did not agree with this blessing of Yugoslav "deviationism." In spite of pressure from the Italian CP, "Pancho Villa," as it then became the habit to call him, stuck to his guns. Now Vidali seems to have most of the east and west European CPs on his side. Reports from Belgrade indicate that Yugoslav government circles fear that another official condemnation of Titoism is near. Following the recent visit of the Czech CP delegation to Moscow, the Czechs invited the Yugoslavs to a conference this month "for the elimination of ideological divergences." The Yugoslavs have refused to attend this, on the grounds that any meeting in Prague would put the Yugoslavs in the box of the accused. The Yugoslavs believe that a common anti-Tito ideological front (which excludes Poland) has now been created in Eastern Europe. An article in *Borba* (Feb. 14) accuses those Soviet, Hungarian, Albanian and Czech newspapers which have recently attacked Yugoslavia of "arguing without principles." The writers of these articles, according to *Borba*, "close their eyes to the new reality or are incapable of seeing anything new in this reality." This *Borba* editorial alleges that the other Communist countries are 20-30 years out of date in the way they have analysed the Hungarian and Polish events. The stock Communist argument that Socialism was in danger and that it was therefore necessary to rally round the Soviet Union "is," says *Borba*, "the only lesson they have learned fom the tragic events of Hungary."

Shepilov has now returned to his ideological desk in the CPSU; the first ideological problem he must deal with is Yugoslavia. A new condemnation of Titoism would embarrass the Italian CP. Togliatti has been more cautious than his No. 2, Luigi Longo, on the question of Yugoslavia, but he has nevertheless committed himself to some extent. Longo went much further in his approval of the Yugoslav system after his visit there. Longo has just returned now from Moscow where he told the CPSU that the Italian CP could support no new Cominform and insisted on the bi-lateral system of relations, in spite of the contrary trend at the recent Budapest meeting. Whatever the future relations, if any, between the other CPs and the Yugoslav League of Communists, the Italian CP cannot break off the relation without severe loss of face.

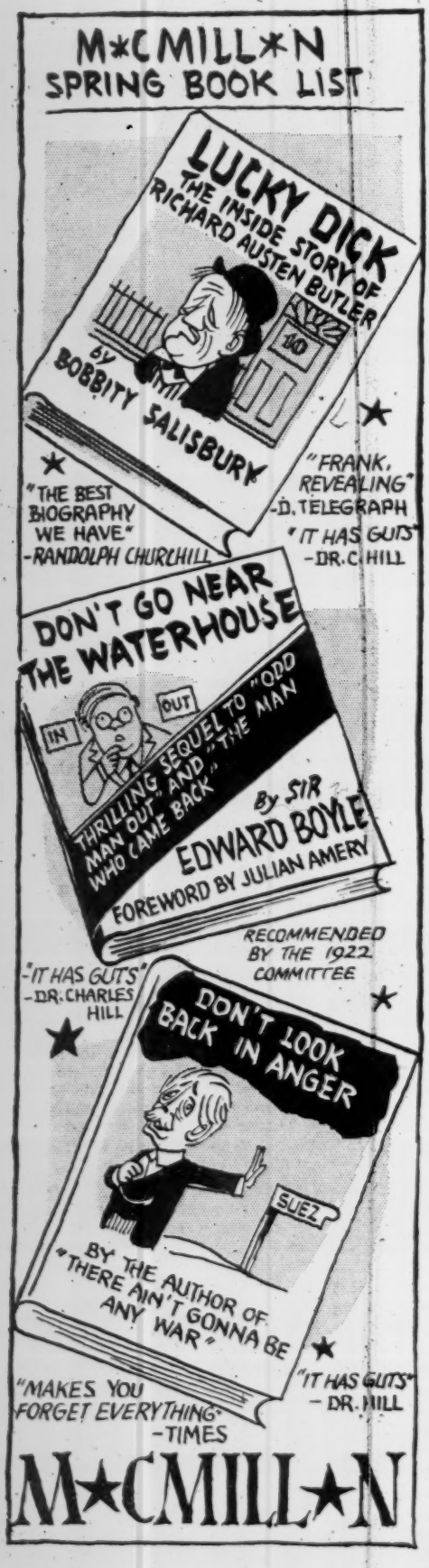
The only person who never seems to lose any face is Vittorio Vidali.

## Westminster

### Back to the Bourbons

Mr. Niall MacDermot, as Mr. Cyril Osborne was quick to observe, wears no cloth cap. "Finely chiselled features . . . hair turning to grey at the temples . . . quiet dignity . . ."—he might have been the model for the new-style hero of a women's novelette. But he is the symbol of protest against rising prices and rising rents which the "cloth-capped" men and women of Lewisham have sent to Westminster. As the minutes ticked away towards half-past three, he stood at the Bar of the House, waiting his call. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft might also have modelled for a novelette. The smooth, shiny black hair, the flushed face, the smile which comes from the teeth and not from the eyes, the title of captain to which he clung for so long—all these summon pictures of riding to hounds and of cads being thrashed within an inch of their lives. On Tuesday, Thorneycroft stood at the despatch box and looked across to the waiting MacDermot. Then, with studied insolence, he flicked his glove across MacDermot's face. "Your people cry for bread? Go back to Lewisham and tell them to eat cake." It was almost as dramatic as that.

For six years the bland urbanities of Mr. R. A. Butler and the coloured extravaganzas of Mr. Harold Macmillan have tended to obscure the unfolding of Conservative financial policy. A cut in the food subsidies here, a penny on milk or a bob on prescriptions there, an increase in insurance contributions, a drop in council house subsidies, a charge for surgical boots—well we must all share the present burdens, just as we would all share the future joys, of the Opportunity State. Those least able to bear the burden, and least likely to have the opportunity, grumbled. But they felt that the country did face difficulties; they still felt some cushioning from the Welfare State; they still believed that the new Conservatives genuinely wanted social justice. So the protests were muffled; and the Conservatives




were returned at the last general election with an increased majority. But I believe that Tuesday was a turning point. It was not so much what Thorneycroft said as the way he said it. Where Butler and Macmillan had playfully trailed a velvet coat, Thorneycroft arrogantly flung down a steel gauntlet. His whole manner was a challenge to the society which since the war Labour has been trying to build.

The reason for the timing of the challenge seemed clear. For some time, middle-class Conservatives have had difficulty in keeping their exasperations under their bowler hats. What had become of Conservative election promises? What had become of Conservatism? Discontent, which had simmered at Tonbridge, boiled over at Lewisham. The government had to rally its middle-class support. So on the Tuesday morning, in a crowded committee room, Mr. Henry Brooke announced his concession on rents, a concession directed not at all to working-class tenants, but exclusively to the middle class; and in the afternoon, before a crowded House, Thorneycroft leaped the barricades and slammed into the mob on the other side. Labour's reaction was immediate and instinctive: the whole opposition clearly saw and felt the challenge. Conservative reaction was equally instinctive. While opposition thunder was still rolling round the chamber, Mr. John Eden beamed his encouragement to the Chancellor. Would he tell the trade unions straight that there were to be no more wage increases? Would he now press still further with cuts in government expenditure so that at long last we could have those promised cuts in taxation?

So there it was. After six years of fighting under semi-Queensberry Rules, the government has slipped off its glove and revealed the knuckle-duster. We are back to the Bourbons and the fight is on.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

# The Logic of Africa

A new and sombre chapter has opened in South Africa's history. By altering the structure of the constitution, by packing the Supreme Court, and by using the Suppression of Communism and Treason acts as instruments of political attrition, the Strijdom regime has already placed effective power exclusively in the hands of the white minority. The "constitutional" phase of the struggle to uphold the Africans' rights is over, and those who tried to wage it within the framework of the existing political system are now either in exile, in prison or on trial. As a correspondent points out on another page, the boycott is now the only legal means of resistance open to the Africans. Within its limits, however, it is an extremely effective weapon, and the success of the Johannesburg bus boycott has provoked a swift and brutal reaction from the government. As our correspondent shows, various forms of intimidation have so far failed to break the boycott, and last week-end the regime resorted to more direct methods. Thousands of Africans were arrested, and this was, merely, according to the authorities, "the first of a series" of mass-arrests. At the same time, the government has introduced a new Police Powers Bill which will allow the police to withhold seized documents from the court even when these are required to establish the innocence of the accused, and which makes it a crime for journalists to photograph police officers even when they are committing illegal acts.

The naked tyranny of these new measures will come as no surprise. In theory the object of the Nationalist regime's *Apartheid* policy was to establish separate and parallel communities of Europeans and non-Europeans. But the Tomlinson report, the only serious analysis of the physical means whereby such a policy could be carried out, showed conclusively that the cost of *Apartheid* would be prohibitive, and that even if South Africa were willing to bankrupt herself to attain it, its application would take many decades. In practice, therefore, *Apartheid* is merely a theoretical façade behind which the Nationalists are implementing the doctrine of white supremacy in its purest form: stripped of all political and civil rights, the Africans will be reduced to a vast *lumpenproletariat* to be moved at will according to the demands of the white economy. As the logic of such a policy unfolds, the state will be forced to extend its apparatus of coercion; but the growth of African consciousness is equally inexorable, and as, in turn, the state blocks its various legal avenues of expression, the margin of choice must be gradually narrowed down to the single option of force.

This, of course, is for the future; but the pattern of violence is already sufficiently implicit in the course of South African development for us to draw a lesson and a warning from it. Throughout Africa there is a rising demand, on the part of Africans, for basic political rights, and inevitably this had led to resistance from the European interests which have controlled the continent for over a century. The resulting struggle has taken various forms:

(1) In the Gold Coast, Nigeria and the French West African colonies, where the white minorities are small and largely managerial, the Africans' demands are being met in an orderly and peaceful fashion. In these areas metropolitan governments, even though right-wing in complexion, have handed over control cheerfully and with reasonable speed because they have been free from pressure from powerful settler groups.

(2) In French North Africa and in British East and Central Africa there are, by contrast, large landowning white minorities, who see in African political advancement a threat to their economic survival. In most cases they already possess wide powers of self-government, based on universal white suffrage, and are, therefore, inevitably a party to any negotiations between the African majority and the metropolitan government. Once the principle of equal rights is accepted—even if it is translated only slowly into practice—their political, and hence economic, supremacy is doomed. Their policy is to limit the rate of political progress not only at a local level but by bringing pressure on the home government. In such triangular situations, where the interests of two of the parties are mutually antagonistic, the deadlock can be broken only if the metropolitan government is sufficiently self-confident to impose its will on the settlers (as in Tunisia in 1954), or if the settlers are sufficiently powerful to impose their will on the government (as in Morocco in 1953). But in the latter case experience suggests that, if the settlers succeed in persuading the government to put the clock back, the ensuing resort to force on the part of the Africans acts as an even more effective form of pressure on the government, so that the process of development is, in the long run, accelerated. In short, provided the ultimate autho-

rity remains with the home government, the political advancement of the African, whether by negotiation or force, is inevitable.

(3) In South Africa, however, we have a terrible example of what happens when the metropolitan link is cut too soon. The white minority is then able, not merely to bar the road to the political advancement of the Africans, but to reduce them to a position of economic serfdom. When, ultimately, the Africans are driven to unconstitutional or even violent protest, there is no metropolitan government to intervene and impose a solution. Thus there is a real danger of a drift into a war of racial extermination in which the Africans, by sheer weight of numbers, would eventually prevail.

Paradoxically, therefore, the best safeguard of the British white minorities of Central and East Africa, pitted as they are against irresistible demographic forces, is the continuation of metropolitan control. If the link is severed too soon, the whites inevitably become agents of racist compulsions which lead to their own destruction. But if the link is maintained until the Africans' political rights have evolved to the point where the white minority no longer exercises effective control, the worst catastrophe can be avoided. Nobody would dispute that the alternative which faces the white minorities is a hard one. It has yet to be demonstrated that a multi-racial society is a viable concept in a continent where the cultural abyss which separates white and black is so profound. In areas where complete independence has already been granted, there has been some tendency to reduce the settler minority to a second-class status.

Nevertheless, there seems to be a correlation between the treatment of white minorities after independence and the manner in which independence is obtained. And this is natural: the future relation of white men and Africans must be, to a great extent, a reflection of the past. If the transfer of power can be effected smoothly, and according to a reasonable time-table laid down and firmly enforced by the home government, the white minority's chances of survival will be greatly increased. In other words, the extent to which a multi-racial society will succeed after the granting of independence will depend largely on the ability of both the metropolitan government and the settlers to demonstrate that it can work before the point of no return has been passed. In Africa the crucial years are not the period immediately after independence but before it.

Everything hinges, therefore, on whether or not the home government both grasps this principle and has the will to apply it. In both London and Paris there is, at the moment, ambiguity and irresolution—the principle of equal rights is accepted, but its application indefinitely delayed—and this is reflected in the violence and tensions of Algeria and East Africa. The Labour Party policy on multi-racial societies holds out hope for the future. Recognising that the tempo of African development is accelerating and the future of the white settler will probably be determined within the next decade, the Labour Party seeks to impress upon the white settlers the need to use the period before the African secures his full democratic rights to co-operate on a non-racial basis. Only thus can they ensure that, when democratic power is transferred to the African, he will not use it as an instrument of racial revenge. If Labour can demonstrate that there is a practicable multi-racial alternative to white supremacy or black supremacy, the self-destructive psychology of the entire continent will be changed.

# What is British Socialism?

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ONE of the oddities of social development is that, in what Mr. Strachey recklessly calls "the last stage of capitalism," the United States has not, like "capitalistic" European countries, generated a strong Social-Democratic political party of avowedly "socialistic" character. Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, writing recently in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, finds this a fact which "makes America as puzzling and remote for us in its way as Soviet Russia . . . a very peculiar place." The fact is not at all puzzling to an American, and ought not to be, I should think, to anyone else with a moderate knowledge of American history and sociological characteristics. The intellectual obstacle is, I suppose, the fact that American social development does not correspond to any of the stereotyped destinies made to order for capitalistic societies.

But I am not setting out to discuss the future of Socialism in the United States. It has no future there, at least so far as one can see ahead. The only reason for referring to the United States is to point out the difference in the climate of discussion of economic issues in the two countries. The obvious difference in the recent past has been that, in the United States, the basic structure of the economic system is taken for granted, so that tendencies toward the left are simply reformist in character; while, in Great Britain, the system itself has been subject to challenge. How far is this still true or likely to continue? As an approach to this question I have been reading the recent output of the Socialist intellectuals.

To continue the American reference for a moment, an American with social sympathies and ideals not greatly different from those of the British left is always astonished at the picture of "American capitalism" which one finds in the British left. Any thoughtful American has plenty of reservations concerning the state of culture and civilisation in his own country. But on one point he is clear: that, with respect to the purely economic side of affairs, the United States has very largely succeeded in accomplishing the central economic purpose of Socialism—that of abolishing poverty. In addition, there is an educational system which, however imperfect, provides more than elsewhere "the career open to talents." And the social system minimises the sense of unfairness, oppression or "exploitation." Foreign attitudes seem at times almost to resent the degree of success in these respects, since capitalism by definition is supposed to produce "bad" results. A good deal would be accomplished in the field of social criticism and understanding if capitalism as an opprobrious epithet could be expunged from the term of discussion.

Turning to my British studies, I am left with three strong impressions: first, that the persistence of ideological stereotypes of capitalism and Socialism gets in the way of sensible discussion of ends and means—assuming that the ends in view are something definable in terms of public policies and potentially attainable in the calculable future; second, that the older Socialists are frustrated in the attempt to formulate programmes which give any considerable scope to their traditional Socialist principles; and third, that action programmes are tending to take a reformist turn and can be called Socialist in principle only if the term is broadened to cover any generous-hearted efforts to promote "equality" and "justice."

I should diagnose the present situation of the intellectuals as one in which, on the one hand the run of the facts is breaking up the ideological stereotypes, while on the other hand an emotional attachment to the stereotypes presents a formidable barrier to formulating programmes in terms of defensible means to practicable ends.

The road to Socialism is subversion. As Professor Gray says in *The Socialist Tradition*, Socialists of all breeds can be described generically as people who "seek a better world, not by way of reform, but by way of subversion" (using the word in its literal and neutral sense)—or, if it be preferred, by a fundamental change in the nature and structure of society." I am unable to discover any responsible leader of the Labour Party who is nowadays prepared to advocate subversion in this sense. The reason is not hard to find. Politicians, whether intellectuals or otherwise, are compelled to be realists. Elections are won by votes; and voters have to be moved by appeal to some felt interest or incentive. Apparently there are no majorities to be won by promising an active programme of subversion. If rather too dogmatic about it, Mr. Kingsley Amis has a point about the strength of self-interest as a political motive; and British workers apparently do not envisage their self-interest as lying in that direction. The leaders themselves, also appear to have no faith in any of the standard methods of subverting the system.

At least in the short run, then, the only feasible programmes appear to consist mainly in reforms which are consistent with the continuance of the system. To the extent that they are successful in improving the state of economic well-being, the more remote is the possibility of ultimate subversion. The inference suggests itself that the Socialism which can be made part of a Labour Party programme will have only a minor resemblance to Socialism in any of its accepted meanings.

Some members of the party appear to have drawn this inference for themselves, from quite different points of approach. Mr. Gaitskell, as a responsible leader, has no heart for much more in the way of nationalisation. He toys with the idea of extending public ownership by acquisition of equity shares through government-owned investment trusts, but even here he reserves his opinion as to whether this should lead to the ultimate exercise of control over management. Meantime, any public benefit must arise through the performance of private management. Professor Cole, true to the faith, has, if I understand him, largely abandoned hope that the Labour Party will make acceptable progress towards Socialism. The elect, it seems, should isolate themselves into international enclaves of the true devotees.

Mr. Crosland brings a fresh new look, youthfully uncluttered by old *clichés* and unbound by old commitments. His central programme is one of breaking down class barriers and establishing greater equality of opportunity, mainly through educational reforms; and beyond that, of achieving greater stability and greater equality of income largely (if I understand him correctly) within the existing framework of private enterprise—albeit with an elaborate apparatus of public supervision and supplementation. Why this programme for the reform of capitalism should be presented as "the future of Socialism" is not easy to understand, except on the general expedient ground that "good words" with emotive power should be retained while their meanings turn a sharp corner—like "democracy" in the contemporary dictatorships.

Apart, however, from this semantic point, Mr. Crosland's position is perfectly straightforward. He is trying to crystallise a working programme comprising these admirable qualities—expediency in the sense of promoting economic progress, morality in the sense of promoting social justice, and practicability in the sense of winning elections. Professor Cole's position is equally straightforward—no compromise with expediency and practicability, and hold the fort for morality. One is, of course, not debarred from applauding both positions at the same time. The bishop may administer the apparatus of popular worship while the monk contemplates the truly Christian virtues. The fact that both parade under the name of Christianity has, of course, the same semantic oddity that we have noted in connection with Mr. Crosland's Socialism.

Certain other academic characters without political ambition or responsibility, like Mr. Taylor, can cling to an idealised version of the Communistic planned economy, with built-in democratic controls, as a centre of operations from which to flail about in all directions at whatever they do not like in the contemporary political, economic and cultural environment. The people who appear to be in a truly difficult situation are those ageing Socialist planners who try at once to be faithful to their principles and to engage in programme-making for the Labour Party. I find Mr. Crossman an interesting specimen for study on this front. Mr. Crossman is concerned with power, and has adopted as applicable to Great Britain Professor Galbraith's stereotype for American industry under the name of "oligopoly"—a convenient and rather more realistic successor to "monopoly capitalism." He rejects Galbraith's favourable judgment of performance under American conditions—finding private power too concentrated, distributive injustice too pronounced and competitive safeguards too weak. Therefore the industrial oligopolies must be socialised. The case having been made, Mr. Crossman then goes programmatic with astonishing results. He places three fields on the action agenda: municipal housing and nationalised transport and insurance—in other words, fields to which the discussion of industrial oligopoly is totally irrelevant.

Mr. Crossman's difficulty goes further. He is disillusioned from past experience of nationalisation, and deplores the consequences of concentrated economic power wherever found—on the boards of nationalised industries, in the state bureaucracy, in the trade unions. To escape from this, he sets up a long-range programme of parliamentary reorganisations under which, as industries are nationalised, their managements come under the direct supervisory control of parliamentary committees—a most astonishing proposal, since one would suppose that making the course of industrial operations an immediate and perpetual occasion for political controversy the surest blockade to industrial efficiency. Moreover, Mr. Crossman has no faith that nationalisation will give rise to higher wages than those available from private industry. So the reward to workers for all this elaborate reorganisation is a sense of participation in the control of industry. Somewhere along the line—where or how is not entirely clear—something will be added to the sum of human freedom.

Finally, a word needs to be said about Mr. Strachey. His latest book does not particularly fit into my present purpose, since it has little to say on programmes. A review of Marxist principles provides an opportunity for elaborate disentanglement from his earlier Marxist indiscretions with as little self-incrimination as possible. (Capitalism would have worked out as Marx thought had sociological factors not made it work out differently.) The case for the socialisation of property and investment in the interests of equality and stability is re-stated in conventional Socialist terms. This leaves out of sight those programmatic problems at which Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Crosland and Mr. Crossman have looked directly. His expectations on this front appear to be modest. "Decade by decade," the party of the left must "show a certain minimum of social change."

These recent writings of the British left leave me in a state of some perplexity. The impression I get is that no one thinks any substantial progress can be made, in the calculable future, towards Socialism in any of its traditional meanings—provided growth and prosperity are maintained. If this is so, the pursuit of economic welfare, and of economic justice too, appears necessarily to be through an improved and modified version of the present system and through public policies consistent with its continued existence. The more successful these improvements and policies are, the less will anyone want to practise subversion. What, then, is "the road to Socialism"? Only, so far as I can see, through some unpredictable train of social disaster. But the Marxist imperatives on this point are no longer accepted.

The question naturally arises: what is the use of being a Socialist? I do not ask why one should have a passion for justice, or a tender conscience about the world's evils, or a distaste for many of the cultural consequences of modern industrialism. Professor Tawney is as much a part of my heritage as of anyone's. But "democratic Socialism" is purely a prophetic vision. The moral outlook, when brought into the arenas of action, has to be tied to the agencies and the incentives which promise some marginal improvement in the human state.

Possibly my attitude simply reflects my American background. In the United States there is clearly no sense in being a Socialist. It is a spiritual retreat, like being a Trappist monk. On the other hand, no one need expect the United States to be Exhibit A of some brutal monstrosity called capitalism. In its own peculiar way and with its own particular embellishments, it can provide the means to pursuit of moral and æsthetic objectives as well as of private self-interest and general economic well-being. According to the popular mood, it can divert a large portion of its mounting national income toward increasing equality and providing collective services and amenities. How far these things go depends upon the democratic process. But there is no inherent barrier to such progress. There appears to be little point in scuttling the wealth-producing apparatus which provides so firm an economic base for such potentialities.

One wonders how far such words might also be applicable to the British situation, conceding that the problems and popular attitudes are different and that the paths of change would correspondingly take a somewhat different course. Personally, I find myself much impressed by Mr. Crosland's approach. If the structure of class and educational privilege were reformed, might it not deflate the resentments out of which the demand for subversion of the economic system arises, leaving the further course of change to be determined pragmatically without regard to doctrinaire positions? By the conventions of speech habitual to the left, Socialism is a "good" word and capitalism is a "bad" word. But in modern democratic societies neither good Socialism nor bad capitalism is going to exist in any close correspondence to its conceptual stereotype. I should think the approach to a better world might proceed more firmly and sensibly without benefit of apocalyptic visions.

I suspect that the practical importance of the socialistic concept in Great Britain arises out of the moral ambiguity of political life. In a democratic society outfitted with a two-party system, winning an election requires a persuasive appeal to people whose opinions, principles and interests cover a wide spectrum. For this purpose, essentially ambiguous concepts are part of the politician's stock in trade. "Socialism" is a prime example. It can be made the rallying cry for quite different groups—all the way from Marxist revolutionaries and Christian idealists inward toward the centre to simple reformist groups who are asked to accept it as the designation for whatever social improvements they envisage.

This fact is no doubt sufficient to give it the prospect of long life as a political instrumentality. This could be argued to be a good thing, on the ground that all possible emotional drives are required in the struggle for a better world. But the concealed diversity of principle and purpose does appear to be something of an obstacle to clear thinking about the elements of a feasible and sensible programme of action.

PAUL T. HOMAN

# London Diary

On the morning of the North Lewisham poll, I met an acquaintance who the night before had been talking to three Conservative members. With singular unanimity, they predicted that Labour would win, and that the majority would be between 500 and 1,500. With the same unanimity, they expressed robust confidence that the defeat would turn out an advantage for the Conservative Party. It must be comforting to be as resilient as that. Compare Browning:

> "I find earth not grey but rosy,
> Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
> Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
> Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

* * *

Guided missiles, warheads, Nato, atomic bombs, hydrogen bombs, the arguments go on. The whole situation, politico-technico-economico-moral, is about as tangled as such a situation can be; there is not an easy, and for most of us not an absolute, answer. In one way, however, we add an additional tangle by falsifying part of the situation for ourselves. We cannot help assuming that it is a natural right of western man to be in a position of technical superiority, particularly in military things. That is, of course, nonsense, but it underlies a surprising number of our attitudes; it is linked with what Indians think of as our moral vanity; it is implicit in our most serious attempts at brotherhood, as for example, in *A Passage to India*. Perhaps we shall gain a bit if we clear our heads. None of the following statements is in 1957 really controversial: Russia now stands at a level of military technology similar to the American or English: China within 20 years will be somewhere near: neither side will keep a significant lead in major weapons. Cf. the two German wars: we and the Germans were at a similar technological level, and neither ever achieved a clear technical superiority: in 1939-1945 we had the edge in radar, the Germans in tanks and gas, in other weapons the lead changed hands more than once. That is a fair parallel with the present position of the West *versus* Russia. While at the same time the gap in consumer goods between the two sides is not going to diminish, and may widen. This

last is one of the harshest of facts—and its implications are about equally harsh for both sides.

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At dinner at a friend's flat the other night, we were having a meal good by any standards—and I thought how rare it would have been, 30 years ago, to eat so well in a private house, even in a much richer private house. The care and thought given to food has increased out of proportion, within the lifetime of any one now middle-aged. It would be interesting to compare the number of cookery-books published last year with the number in 1926: I am prepared to bet it was at least five times greater. When did the "gourmet" advertisements—the admirable Elizabeth David and the others—take root in *The Times* on Saturday mornings? It cannot have been long ago. When did this gastronomic concentration begin to set in? I suspect there were signs of it just after the first war, or conceivably just before. I once had the curiosity to look through the menu books of a Cambridge High Table, which had been preserved for something like a hundred years. Meals in the late 19th century were both simple and coarse, compared with what they became—the ordinary dinner in the Eighties would be something like a cut off the joint (literally—the meat was handed round and each man carved for himself) and a suet pudding. Soon after 1900 the meal suddenly turned more elaborate, but it was not until the Twenties that it had the slightest element of luxury.

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Through the Kensington letter-boxes comes a pamphlet entitled "Farewell to a Hero." The hero is Sir Anthony Eden. The pamphlet is privately printed and circulated, one would guess, at the author's expense. The author is a private citizen in the Midlands: every word he writes is hot with sincerity. In fact, admiration to the extent he feels it for Sir Anthony would be impossible to pretend; one might try, but the insincerity would scream through. This political thinker simply and sincerely believes that Sir Anthony is one of the greatest Englishmen who have ever lived: that his courage over Suez was equal to Peel's over the Corn Laws: that his insight and judgment were at least as great as his courage: and that the success of his efforts is now manifest. The spirit of the pamphlet evokes memories of a curious incident in 1941, when, at one of the darkest times in the war, hard-worked officials received a communication which informed them that "our sacred duty, indeed, the most sacred duty of all," was to re-establish the repute of Neville Chamberlain. That communication was issued by some undergraduates, curiously enough. Well, the world is full enough of people wise with the times, enthusiasts at jumping on the latest band-wagon: perhaps we ought to keep a soft spot in our hearts for the eccentrics who refuse to get off the last band-wagon but one.

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Vansittart was a strange figure. In all his writings and speeches, he never showed the faintest sign of recognising any categories except nations—France was good and to be supported, Germany was bad and to be done down. Oddly, this rigid and artificial vision gave him a certain strength; since he thought first and foremost of nations and not of class, he was not in the least attracted to the Nazis because they were anti-Communist; Germany was Germany, and had to be destroyed. For that reason, in the Thirties, he was sometimes regarded as a bizarre ally by the Left. He had considerable charm of a brittle and stylised kind, some verbal talent, and an obsessively strong will. I remember seeing him on New Year's Day 1938, the day he had been kicked upstairs to be chief diplomatic adviser, an entirely meaningless appointment. He came over to Antibes to lunch with Lloyd George: the two of them seemed about as different as men can be. Lloyd George no more thought in rigid nationalistic terms than in terms of dynasties; he was prepared to pretend to do so in the pursuit of power, just as he was prepared to do a good deal else; but there was always lurking in him a social insight uncommon in anybody, most of all uncommon perhaps in great politicians. One night we happened to be alone, and I asked him what he thought the historians would say of him. I do not remember his reply with word-for-word accuracy, and I do not want to claim that it was his considered opinion. But what he actually said was something very close to this: "I think our wars will seem rather local affairs to posterity, because the centre of gravity of the world is going to change, if it hasn't changed already. I am inclined to think that, if they are interested in me at all, they will be interested because, in the first country to be highly industrialised, I did something to mollify the class conflict—and whether they approve or not, will depend on whether they believe that was a good thing to do."

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A day or two after Vansittart, a very great man died, almost unnoticed in this country. His name was John von Neumann, and he was one of the best mathematicians in the world. Like Fermi, he was born and educated in Europe; like Fermi, he made his home in the United States; like Fermi, during World War II and afterwards he applied his gifts to scientific war; and like Fermi, he died of cancer in his early fifties.

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About half-past five in the evenings, London had a curious attractiveness recently. The weather was warm and wet; looking along Oxford Street or any of the great east-west roads, one saw watery lemon sunsets and great bars of cloud; the wind smelt like a spring gale.

C. P. Snow

## This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

After marriage the Englishman develops a complete lack of interest in his wife, and unwillingness to accept any but a masculine point of view.

He expects her to be a combination of "the chap I was at school with," "the bloke I was in the Forces with," and "my mother."

All he wants is a pal for the pub, a mum for meals, and the Television Toppers for excitement. —Letter in *Daily Express*. (N. Chatterji.)

I was bringing my wife home from hospital on a bus from Victoria Station when the clippie jumped off at a stop to do her shopping. When she returned I complained she was holding the bus up. She replied: "Don't let the driver hear you. He's just in the mood for getting off the bus and leaving the lot of you here."—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (Mary Folley.)

Some thought your high moral tone was inspiring; others thought it was humbug. But the latter will surely be reinforced in their opinion of your real sense of responsibility and your respect for moral values on seeing that part of Low's cartoon of to-day which so viciously smears the Royal Household, the accepted standards of public behaviour, and the Established Church, and even makes offensive reference to the Royal Family's well-known affection for dogs.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (W. Pelz.)

## Lost Week-end

". . . and here are the headlines again." (Anon.).

Birth Film Is Jeered—Are Parents Always Wrong ?—
My 40 Years Of Folly—Dare I Tell
My Husband ?—It's the same familiar song
That you and I already know so well
The Day That Monty Nearly Got The Sack
(Headlines of 20 Years Ago Are Back.)

Now Clawing Women On The Prowl, and now
The Pelvis Is Removed By Angry Fans,
With Robot Brain To Join In Shakespeare Row
(The study of mankind no more is man's.)
Back To The Thirties—though my mind must range,
Men And The Love of Power Do Not Change.

So Mr. Gaitskell Jumps For Joy—*what* joys ?—
A Tiny Smear of Lipstick On His Face.
(No, that's the Duke.) Who Are The Teddy Boys ?—
Lessons From Lewisham . . . I try to trace
H-Proof Umbrellas to a cryptic line
Of cricket news: A Chance For May To Shine.

Girl May Be Clue To Play-boy On The Run
And Albert Wants To Wed His Ma-in-Law—
(It isn't done, old man, it isn't done.)
But just consider What The Butler Saw:
Of all this hash take (from a Tory pen)
One leader: Shadows Over No. 10 . . . . . .

Reginald Reynolds

# The £ s d of G. B. S.

Judgment has been given this week in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice on Bernard Shaw's bequest for the propagation of a new alphabet—though the Shaw estate is absolutely penniless at the moment. Most people are amazed to learn this. "But I thought the old man left a fortune!" they exclaim. So he did—over £200,000 in liquid assets; and, if that were all, there would presumably still be plenty in the kitty. But he also left the less tangible assets of his copyrights.

For Bernard Shaw, unlike most authors, was always virtually his own publisher—merely employing a publishing firm to print, bind, and distribute the books he ordered. Thus he never parted with the copyrights of his major works. Ambitious young authors with a desire to die rich might do worse than adopt the same tactics. But Shaw went even further than that: in his will (which runs to over 14 pages) he left instructions that his copyrights were not to be sold or assigned even after his death, and therein lies the solution to the financial mystery.

To say that works are copyright means that they may not be performed or reproduced in any way without permission of the owner, and, generally, payment to him of an appropriate fee. The normal period of copyright protection under English law is the lifetime of the author and 50 years after his death. In the U.S., copyright is secured by registration which is renewable after 28 years, the total period of protection being 56 years from publication, whether the author is alive or not. Other countries have their own copyright laws, some similar to the British and others similar to the American. As Shaw died in 1950, British royalties will go on accruing to his estate until the turn of the century. American royalties will be payable for a similar period in the case of his last few works (for he left instructions that the requisite renewal after 28 years

should be procured) and for shorter periods for most of the others—though some of his earliest works are already out of copyright in America. There will also be substantial royalties coming in from almost every other country in the world for several decades yet.

This situation gave the Estate Duty Office rather a headache, for in order to calculate the amount of death duty they should demand from Shaw's estate they had to assess the value of the copyrights. Only after 5½ years of negotiations between the Estate Duty Office and the Public Trustee (executor of Shaw's estate) was a valuation agreed upon. The agreed figure was established at £433,500—which was far in excess of what had been generally expected. An official of the Public Trustee's office, admitting that valuation had been "a difficult task," made the following statement to the press on April 17, 1956:—

> In many authors' estates the value of copyright is calculated on the basis of their average copyright income over a number of years before death. Shaw was regarded as unique, and the usual basis for discussion could not be adhered to. It was very difficult for both sides, but we have arrived at a fair valuation.

This prompted Mr. I. J. Pitman, M.P., to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer on April 24 last year, how and why the basis adopted by the Inland Revenue for the valuation of Shaw's copyrights had differed from the basis adopted for those of other authors. The reply was that the statutory basis for the valuation of copyrights was simply the price which they would have fetched if sold in the open market at the time of death, and there was no standard formula or rule for applying this basis to particular cases, valuation being made in each case "by reference to its own facts in the light of expert opinion obtained."

In 1951 Shaw's estate had been provisionally valued for probate at £301,585 net, and estate duty and interest of £180,571 was paid. The effect of the new agreed valuation of the copyrights was to increase the net estate to over £700,000, making it liable to death duty at a rate of 70 per cent.—i.e., about £524,000 in all. But that was more than the total liquid assets, including all the royalties which had come in since Shaw's death; and all the income received to the present day has been absorbed in meeting the deficit—plus interest on it from 1950!

Only the residuary bequests were affected by the debt on the estate, since the small personal legacies (annuities to a few relatives and servants) had already been paid out of the original capital. The impossibility of implementing the main clauses of the will until there was some cash in hand explains the lapse of six years before the question of the alphabet trusts was brought before the Chancery Court.

However, the estate is now almost, if not quite, out of debt to the Inland Revenue—ironically enough, largely because of the American musical *My Fair Lady*, which, being based on Shaw's play *Pygmalion*, has to pay a certain percentage of its profits into the Shaw estate. The sum accruing to the estate each week from this one production is said to be in the region of $2,000—and it will become higher still when this money-spinning musical begins to travel over the globe and when the proposed film of it is made. If the official valuation of the Shaw copyrights had to be based on the income from royalties at the present time, instead of on a fair selling price in 1950, the figure of £433,500 would be several times too low.

The next charge on the estate will presumably be the legal expenses of the Chancery case, which are considerable, and in the meantime there are various other recurring expenses, such as the fees of the Public Trustee's office. However, at the rate royalties are pouring in at present, the estate may be expected to be completely clear of debt very soon.

Even so, the fact that the whole of the capital and more than six years' income have been swallowed in estate duty makes Shaw's testamentary instructions belie his intentions. He had to restrict the accumulation of income for the alphabet trusts to the statutory "perpetuity period" of 21 years from his death, and he therefore nominated three ultimate residuary legatees—the British Museum, the National Gallery of Ireland, and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—to share equally all the subsequent income and any of the earlier residue not required for the alphabet. Since he certainly did not envisage such a high valuation as £433,500 being put upon his copyrights—in 1944 he said it "may run into six figures"—he obviously did not expect so much duty to be payable, and he therefore assumed that some of the capital he left at death plus the whole of the first 21 years' accumulation of income after that would be available for his chief bequest. In the event, this has already dwindled to less than 15 years' accumulation of income and none of the original capital at all.

Though the estate is obviously going to become extremely wealthy again within the 15 years (thanks to *My Fair Lady*), it might easily not have worked out like that; and the possibility that the alphabet trusts might have been washed out altogether, because the first 21 years' royalties proved insufficient to pay off the death duty and interest, should serve as a warning to wealthy authors that if they want to create trusts that are subject to the "perpetuity period," it would be advisable to arrange for their copyrights to be sold at death.

Shaw's three ultimate residuary legatees are in a very favourable position, for all income received after 1971—that is, 29 years' income as far as British royalties are concerned—automatically becomes theirs. They may be likened to a schoolboy who has a half-share in a bottle of pop, half of which gets spilt when the bottle is opened, and who proceeds to drink all that is left because *his* half-share was at the bottom! Not content with having the comparatively safe bottom half of the Shaw residue, the British Museum and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art have also been claiming in the Chancery Court whatever can be salvaged of the top half—which will be so much more now than seemed likely a year ago. They have been attacked for their avarice, but they were involuntary defendants to a summons issued by the Public Trustee, who wished to obtain the guidance of the High Court on the alphabet trusts. The British Museum and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art took the obvious line of trying to get as much as possible, though the National Gallery of Ireland chose to be uncommonly altruistic, declaring that it did "not wish to urge anything which would defeat the intention of a fellow-Irishman, and a very distinguished Irishman, in a matter which was clearly very dear to his heart."

BARBARA SMOKER

# Azikwehlah

*(By a Special Correspondent)*

"AZIKWEHLAH!"—"We shall not ride!" The South African bus boycott, which, beginning in Johannesburg, has since spread to Pretoria, Port Elizabeth, and Bloemfontein, now assumes the proportions of a nation-wide political battle. Fear of a national movement has provoked the government to making mass arrests of Africans, totalling nearly 8,000 during the past seven weeks—as many as were arrested during the passive resistance campaign of 1952. Every morning and evening, six days a week since the New Year, some 10,000 Africans have walked the nine miles separating their places of work in Johannesburg from their homes in Alexandra Township rather than pay a bus fare increase of a penny. In the year's worst heat wave, broken only by torrential rains, working eight to nine and a half hours a day and, latterly, harried by the police for pass-law infringements, they have formed a straggling procession along Louis Botha Avenue, Johannesburg's main outlet to the north. Starting at three in the morning and ending only at nine at night they have walked, while the long green buses "for coloured people only" have roared past empty. In Pretoria, too, they walk rather than pay an extra penny, although it is three miles to the station and the cheaper trains.

To outsiders it may seem extraordinary that whole communities should submit themselves to such an ordeal because of twopence a day; but it stands to the credit of many of Johannesburg's white citizens that, twopence meaning nothing to them, they realised that here were people driven by poverty to voluntary suffering. Many of the cars which daily choke Louis Botha Avenue *en route* to the desirable northern suburbs have been carrying boycotters. The city's English language press has been, on the whole, sympathetic to the boycotters—or was, at any rate, in the earlier stages—finding it impossible to deny that the fare increase, trivial as it might seem to the whites, would force most Africans' existence down to an intolerable level.

For an African labourer earns only £2 10s. a week, which buys roughly the same in Johannesburg as it would in London. Of this wage the old fourpenny bus fares took up 4s., or a full month's income every year. Even if the wife and some of the children work, the income of a typical urban African family reaches only £16 a month; and on that sort of budget an extra five shillings a month for fares makes quite a difference. So much for the Johannesburg workers—some of those in Pretoria are even worse off. The manager of that strongly-nationalistic city council's Non-European Affairs Department found, in a special investigation of the boycott's causes, that 70 per cent. of the city's Africans earned a maximum of £9 a month. The hardest hit by the increases are those living in the outlying Vlakfontein location, whose daily return fare was already 1s. 8d. or £2 4s. 3d. a month. The investigation showed that, with a council rent of £2 7s. 3d. a month for family dwelling and essential services, these Africans had less than £5 a month left to buy food and other necessities for themselves and their families.

The seemingly obvious question of why people with such low incomes don't move nearer to their work doesn't arise in the Union, for it isn't up to them to choose where they live. In order to preserve residential *Apartheid*, the white man's law pushes them well outside his residential areas. In the circumstances, it was hardly surprising that the Pretoria investigation concluded that the root of the boycott was economic and that the workers concerned had behaved rather well. Commerce, industry and the city councils concerned seemed to think the same in the beginning. Various schemes to keep the fares at the old level for the

## What's good for Miss Wood ... is good for the national economy

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Africans were unofficially mooted, and it seemed that a way out would be found. Both the employers and the government had in the past acknowledged that some form of subsidy for African transport and housing had to be provided if residential segregation were to be maintained. When the bus company which is now being boycotted felt forced to demand a penny fare increase in 1944, a six weeks' boycott followed. The old fares were restored when the government provided a subsidy from a Native Services Levy, to which all employers of Africans contribute. It is said now that the share of this levy earmarked for transport is completely committed; but two points seem to be common ground: the bus company was justified in demanding increased revenue, whilst the Africans' real wages did not permit them to pay an economic fare.

Then Mr. Strijdom's government intervened. Mr. Schoeman, his Minister of Transport, did one of those pieces of double-think which so often enliven the South African political scene: after telling a joint deputation from Johannesburg's City Council, Chamber of Commerce and Chamber of Industry that he had no objections if the employers met the fare increases out of their own pockets, he decided that the boycott was a purely political test of strength by the African National Congress, effected through intimidation of innocent Africans. If any concessions were made, there would be no stopping the Congress; and he, therefore, announced that the government were determined to smash the boycott. He warned, moreover, that action would be taken against those "misguided" motorists who gave the boycotters lifts, although he must have known full well that absolutely no action could be taken in law. To back up this crude piece of political intimidation, however, the police began to carry out "routine" checks for the possession of driving licences every morning and evening along Louis Botha Avenue. Somehow or other they seemed to restrict these checks to those drivers carrying African passengers. The latter were checked for possession of the "passes" which they are obliged to carry and, wherever possible, arrested. In Pretoria the railway police, who are directly under Mr. Schoeman's orders, prevented Africans from buying single or return tickets on routes similar to those of the boycotted buses. Only season ticket holders were permitted to board the trains; and thus the boycotters were effectively barred from the alternative public transport.

Considerable white protest led to the lifting of the "driving licence" checks, but the government has since found the resources to promise the bus company full reimbursement for its losses during the boycott. In the course of several interviews, moreover, Mr. Schoeman succeeded in convincing the Johannesburg joint committee of the correctness of his line; and the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce has asked its members to take a firm line with boycotting employees, demanding punctuality and unimpaired efficiency.

The irony of the situation is that the bus company, the Public Utility Transport Corporation (Putco), far from being callously avaricious is one of the most progressive employers of African labour in the country. The average weekly wage of its 1,600 African employees is £5 10s.; many earn £40 a month and rise to positions of the highest responsibility. The company's £1,500,000 annual revenue is collected and handled from day to day entirely by African cashiers. A contributory medical scheme—1s. 6d. per week—provides medical service and funeral benefits for employees and their families, as well as £50 insurance against death through accident, whether on duty or not. A minimum contribution of a shilling a week entitles employees to relatively substantial loans. Putco's managing director has concerned himself with African welfare in the townships both officially and privately, and even today is greatly liked and respected in Alexandra. Yet, forced to effect the first direct fare increase in 20 inflationary years, he sees his buses running empty.

The Nationalist government clearly fears that in the technique of boycott the Union's urban Africans, whom it is determined shall remain voiceless transients, will find a most powerful weapon—for it has been successfully employed in the past. The six-week Alexandra bus boycott in 1944 is a good example. In 1949, the Johannesburg municipal tram fare to Sophiatown was raised by a penny. Rioting followed, trams and police were stoned and, after many people had been injured, the service was permanently discontinued. In 1955 some 2,500 Africans living in Evaton, a freehold township some 30 miles from their only legally permitted work area in Johannesburg, called a boycott of the buses. Their fares, already taking 25 per cent. of their wages, had been raised and they elected to walk four miles to the nearest railway station rather than pay. The bus company concerned hired some African thugs to protect the buses from pickets. Murder, arson and looting ensued, with the police seemingly impotent. After 12 months, during which 15 people—including the bishop of an African church—were killed, the old fares were restored.

In South Africa today, the boycott is virtually the only effective and legal method of protest left to the African. Unenfranchised, restricted to unskilled work and forbidden to strike, controlled and directed in every way, he can protest only by imposing yet greater hardship on himself.

# Fleet Street Notebook

WHICH shall we take first this week, politics or romance—with a royal touch? Whichever you choose you need not fear that the infinite variety of a free press will let you down.

It would, of course, have been against nature to expect that the North Lewisham result would find the same interpretation in the *Daily Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*. But just how many different conclusions is it possible to draw from the same set of figures? According to *The Times*—helped by what, I must say, seem to me some very remarkable calculations which leave out more than they take into account—the result showed positively no swing of votes at all: merely "a lack of enthusiasm on the part of the government's own supporters."

Not, *The Times* was prompt to continue, that the verdict could be ignored—its lesson was that the government must "forge ahead with what they believe to be right, not toy with what North Lewisham may seem to say is expedient." The *Telegraph*—after a side kick at Mr. Farmer, once the white-headed boy of the Conservative press and now overnight its whipping horse—argued that although Mr. Butler might be right in blaming it all on public relations "unpopular policies must, in the end, produce popular results if they are to be endorsed at a general election." "The government," it added glumly, "has only three years left in which to produce some live rabbits out of its sombre hat."

It will not have that long to produce anything if Lord Beaverbrook has his way. "Mr. Macmillan," said the *Daily Express*, "has been a Prime Minister without a mandate. Now he becomes a Prime Minister whose party has been rejected in a key constituency. He has only one course. He should appeal to the electors with no further delay." And the *Sunday Express* opened its leader with the ominous question: "For just how long can Mr. Harold Macmillan remain Prime Minister and leader of the Tory Party?"

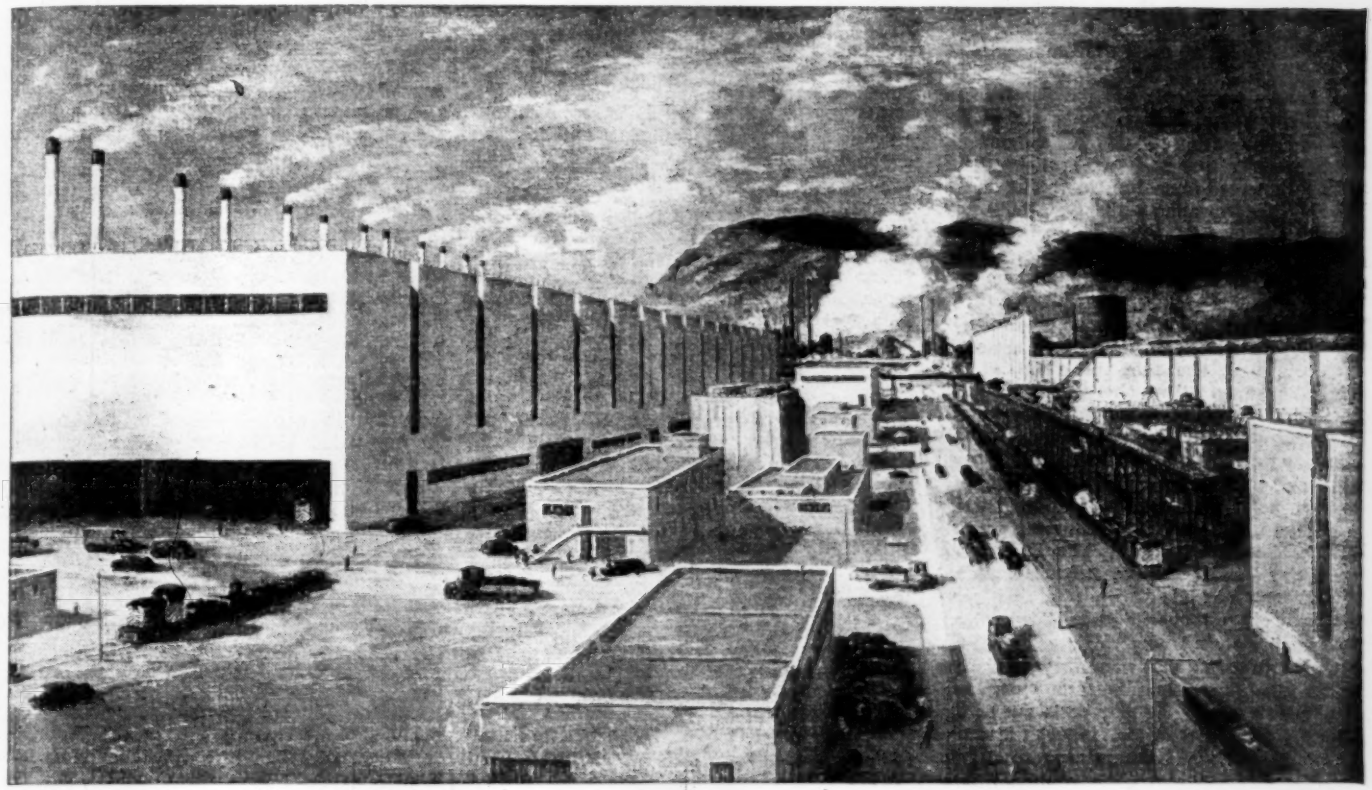
To the *Mail*, on the other hand, North Lewisham reflected dissatisfaction, not with Mr. Macmillan but with previous governments which "have gone stumbling and bumbling along from expedient to expedient." But now, it added bravely, "things are changing. Our new government are the most competent and confident for many a year." The *News Chronicle* thought that "too much should not be made of the North Lewisham by-election"; the *Sunday Times* that "There can be no excuse for Lewisham, which has brought the Tories their most decisive setback since the 1945 general election." The *Herald* and *Reynolds*—as was perhaps to be expected—both saw in it the voice of the people calling for a general election; while the *Manchester Guardian* reached the conclusion that "the result does not indicate any drastic change of opinion in the past few months."

By-election results are complicated things. Let us move on to a more straightforward reporting job—the "reunion" of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Lisbon. What with one thing and another, this happy event evoked what must have been a near record press audience even for royal occasions, providing the poor officials of the Portuguese Ministry of Information with a series of large headaches as requests for top priority in facilities descended on them from the correspondents of newspapers in Britain, America and a good part of the continent.

By the end of the preliminary scramble well over a hundred top-flight reporters, photographers, and columnists of both sexes were lined up at the edge of the tarmac when the Viscount airliner carrying the Queen arrived at Lisbon—every one of them determined to convey to their anxious and eager readers every nuance of the meeting between the Queen and the Duke. They were in fact so busy looking for nuances that they seem to have found difficulty in reaching much agreement on facts.

The Duke "arrived five minutes late," reported the *Sunday Express*. "You know how it is when a husband is waiting to meet his wife after four long months of travel and separation," confided the *News of the World*. "He paces up and down. He glances at his watch every few minutes.... That was the Duke of Edinburgh today." However, late or early, the moment for which the news-eager hundreds were waiting at last arrived. With eyes wide, telescopic lenses fitted to cameras, stop watches in hand (for newspaper readers must know everything) they watched the Duke mount the steps to the plane and stride into "the scarlet lined private cabin where the Queen waited."

This was it. But I feel that all these high-powered correspondents ought to do something about synchronising all those expensive watches. "They remained together for four minutes twenty seconds," reported the *Sunday Pictorial*; "three minutes," said the *People*; "two and a half minutes" according to the *Sunday Express*; "a few fleeting seconds," according to the *Sunday Graphic*; not at all, announced the *Sunday Dispatch*: "Four people, who travelled from Lon-



*Abbey Works, Port Talbot, by Charles Cundall, R.A.*

## Between the mountains and the sea . . .

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don, with the Queen, were," it reported, "looking on when Prince Philip came aboard and embraced his wife." It added solemnly: "The manner of this meeting caused much surprise in Portugal."

According to the *People* and the *Sunday Express*, both of whom had obviously picked reporters with long vision for this key assignment, the Duke had "a tiny smear of lipstick on his face" as he emerged from the plane. The others missed this (concentrating perhaps on the hearts on the Duke's green tie) but came up practically unanimously with the report that the Queen had "stars in her eyes." Not quite unanimously, however.

William Hickey, the *Daily Express* columnist, is perhaps allergic to stars. He saw nothing, although he was one jump ahead of the others in reporting what they talked about—the weather! "There was no waving of hands," he reported, "no lighting up of eyes, no holding by the arm.... But then by the stiff rules that govern our monarchy little humanity ever does seep through. And I understand that Court officials were adamant that not by the merest gesture should tradition be broken." The *Daily Mail* understood different. "All protocol is laid aside," its readers were advised.

All of which I imagine will make all other husbands and wives very, very glad that no newspaper reporters are around when they meet. To judge from the photographs, both the Queen and the Duke were smiling as they came out of the airplane and went to their car. Though it would undoubtedly have been contrary to protocol I do not think anyone could have blamed them if they had treated the ladies and gentlemen of the press to a royal scowl.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS


**LEARNING ON THE LOAF**

SCIENCE has recently been doing some searching research into our daily bread. The conclusion is, in lay terms, that bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of all the energy we—and our irrepressible children—burn up in an average hectic day.[1] But bread is much more than an energy-giver. It provides body-building protein, and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2]

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson, in a Special Report,[1] say this: "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". And that, of course, means bread. Similarly a Panel of eminent scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen, has this to say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

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1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O. 1954.*
2. *All flour must contain — per 100 grams of flour: Iron — not less than 1.65 milligrams. Vitamin $B_1$ — not less than 0.24 milligrams. Nicotinic acid — not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O. 1950.*

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## O.K. for Angst

THERE is a story, very likely apocryphal, that Bartok once asked Sibelius: "Tell me, do you consider my music modern enough?". The story is supposed to reflect unfavourably on Bartok's sincerity; but, even if it is true, may not the innocent question have been a quiet joke of a kind that a square-headed Finn might well have missed?

True or not, the story occurred to me while I was listening, with much pleasure, to Sir William Walton's new Cello Concerto, which was given its first European performance last week by Gregor Piatigorsky, the magnificent cellist who had commissioned it, and the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent. It occurred to me because I had been reading an introductory article in *The Listener*, by Donald Mitchell, which discussed the question, much ventilated also at the time of *Troilus and Cressida*, whether Walton's present style is "modern enough". It is difficult to think clearly and sensibly on this subject; and I cannot feel that Dr. T. W. Adorno—whose article, "Modern Music is Growing Old", in the current number of *The Score* provided Mr. Mitchell with his text—has helped to clarify the issue by introducing as a fresh complication the fashionable idea of *Angst*. ("Anxiety" is the best we English can do for this key-word of our time.)

Dr. Adorno's main thesis is that the very nature of modern music is "to express and give form to the disquiet that marks our epoch". All is no longer well, he feels, because "modern music today is in danger of being mixed up with those so-called 'cultural activities and manifestations' whose object is to attenuate or transform *Angst* of any kind". This seems to me one of those dangerous half-truths that are accepted as gospel by the gullible and result in a good deal of ghastly art. How desperately familiar we are with those pretentious symphonies, crammed full of *Angst*, in which (if I may quote from an imaginary programme-note) "the brass re-enters with a crushing affirmation of despair, and the symphony comes to an end with a brief but shattering reference to the motto-theme, hammered out *con tutta forza*". Ah yes, ah yes; we certainly live in a violent and disruptive world, and it is quite natural, indeed inevitable, that much of the violence and tension around us should be reflected in our art, good as well as bad. But to admit so much is a very different thing from claiming that all valid modern art must be violent and *angstvoll*, and that any other kind of art is either feeble or frivolous. Mr. Mitchell, for instance, grudgingly dismisses Walton's *Façade* as "playing the fool—with some charm, perhaps", although this highly original score has retained an extraordinary vitality for thirty years and is coming to be recognised as among the few first-class specimens of light music written in this century. But merely to call it "light music" would probably be enough to damn it in Dr. Adorno's estimation. What business has twentieth-century music to be light or charming or tuneful or gay, or even life-accepting and life-enhancing? "Modern music," says Dr. Adorno, "by definition, cannot be self-indulgent."

It is the weakness of such thinkers that they always believe that the world began yesterday. The present decline in civilised values and the threat of the hydrogen bomb are no doubt more serious and more *Angst*-justifying dangers than those which agitated the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; but the degree of anxiety felt by each successive generation was probably much the same. All the evidence goes to show that our forbears worried desperately over the dangers and problems of *their* day: the French Revolution, Napoleon, the events of 1848, Nihilism, Darwinism, Home Rule, even Welsh Disestablishment. There was probably never a time, at any rate since 1792, when *Angst* did not seem justifiable and indifference reprehensible. But in the past artists behaved in accordance with their natural temperaments. A Beethoven summed up in his music all the latent *Angst* of his day; a Schubert was content to spend the greater part of his life singing for the sheer love of lyrical song. While Mahler constructed pyramids of anguish and despair, Debussy cultivated a serene and severely self-contained æstheticism. What is new in our time is the subtle bullying (often self-bullying) of the artist, the puritan assumption that everyone must toe the line or be damned: "it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that *Angst*". In truth, however, while much of the best music of our time is tense and violent and highly strung, much of it is not; some of Benjamin Britten's music, for instance, reflects a mood of pure happiness. It would be absurd to place his *Spring Symphony* below his *Sinfonia da Requiem* merely because the one is mainly happy and lyrical, the other mainly tense and anguished.

What has all this to do with Walton's new Concerto? Only this: that such a line of approach must distract our attention from what really matters, the actual musical virtues or failings of the work before us. Latter-day Walton is undeniably less pungent, less aggressive than the Walton of *Portsmouth Point*, the Viola Concerto and the Symphony. But to conclude from this that *Troilus and Cressida*, the Cello Concerto and the *Johannesburg Festival Overture* can all be lumped together and written off as empty "conservative" productions is simply an abdication of the critical faculty. Each must be considered on its own merits. My own feeling, for what it is worth, is that in *Troilus* the composer succeeded only with the subsidiary figure of Pandarus and in certain decorative scenes, while providing for his central theme of the two lovers music so derivative, so lacking in individual impulse and invention, as to be incapable of establishing the characters or of communicating their passion to the listener; that, contrary to expectation, the *Johannesburg Overture* proved to have genuine brio in place of the more superficial rhythmic vivacity of *Portsmouth Point* and *Scapino*; and lastly, that the Cello Concerto is a very beautiful and shapely work, and a valuable addition to the small number of good concertos for that noble and poetic, but often unwieldy, instrument.

The first movement, a tranquil rhapsody lasting some eight minutes, is original in design and absolutely convincing as a piece of sustained musical thought. The soloist's opening theme, first cousin to that which begins the Violin Concerto, is almost as long and as intricately beautiful; also, as we discover before the work is over, it is more fruitful. The scoring throughout is transparent without the slightest suggestion of thinness: there are relatively few strands of polyphony, but each of them tells, whereas in his earlier works Walton tended to overload his scores with clever but ineffective counterpoint. The general shape of the Concerto is close to that of the two earlier concertos; and the central movement is another quicksilver Scherzo of a type familiar in his work, though at first acquaintance less arresting in content than its predecessors. The final movement, a grave set of variations (or "improvisations") on a theme which is derived from a fragment of that of the first movement, is as long as the two earlier movements put together. The only feature in this movement which seems questionable is the use of the unaccompanied cello in two of the variations (not far apart), the first of which is, exceptionally, not very gratefully written out for the instrument. Otherwise, the successive episodes

and their sequence have been admirably devised so as to sustain the listener's interest; and the work ends memorably with an epilogue in which the reappearance of the initial melody (in itself the most hackneyed of devices) is managed with the happiest and most poetical effect. To hear this epilogue played as Mr. Piatigorsky played it in the Festival Hall was to feel sure that before long no cellist will be content until he has added the new concerto to his repertory.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## Ladies' Day

In the eighteenth century Mme Vigée Lebrun and Angelica Kauffmann were regarded as curiosities and, despite their obviously virtuous sentiments, as somewhat fast and racy. Berthe Morisot, Mary Cassatt and Suzanne Valadon were encouraged by the Impressionists, but were not regarded by them as possible rivals. Gwen John knew her place; and although Marie Laurencin took part in some of the Cubist manifestations, she always hurried home early to her *maman* and her cat (called "Pussy Cat"). Today all that has changed. Women execute monumental sculpture, sometimes with welding machines, paint large murals and attack their canvases with all the abandon of hardened action painters. But the twentieth century has yet to produce a great woman artist. Perhaps the work of three of the women painters showing in London at present may suggest some of the reasons.

Mary Kessel, whose exhibition closes this week at the Leicester Galleries, and Sallie White, an American whose paintings are on view at Wildenstein's, are both sensitive and gifted artists. Miss Kessel draws her inspiration largely from oriental art, and achieves effects of great delicacy and charm, particularly in her flower studies and paintings of trees and woods in winter. Miss White's best paintings are simple, evocative landscapes, executed with carefully controlled transparent varnishes. Both women, however, fail when they attempt larger, more important subjects. When they deal with emotional and dramatic themes, they refuse to become emotionally or even intellectually involved themselves. In her paintings of refugees, Miss Kessel resorts to the artificial convention of replacing her paler and more characteristic colour schemes by more intense, but equally decorative harmonies of reds and blacks. Miss White began to paint seriously after she had attended the bull-fights in Mexico City, but in her paintings dealing with this subject she deliberately ignores its symbolic implications and even the more obvious visual excitement and intensity; in these larger canvases her drawing becomes tight and academic.

Franciszka Themerson, who is showing at Gallery One, is a more spirited and lively artist. Witty, sophisticated and cultivated, Miss Themerson seeks only to charm and entertain. Her technique is limited but original; she incises her figures in thick white slabs of paint and then tints them with washes of pale colour. The style is sometimes almost cartoon-like, but Miss Themerson avoids stylisation, and the different facial conventions she adopts are always used to make a particular point. Her painting is, so to speak, half-way between Klee and Thurber. Her inspiration is mainly literary. Some of the titles of her paintings are taken from Pope, W. S. Gilbert and Raymond Queneau, and, without pushing the descriptive side of her work too far, she manages to convey the idea she intends to. *Blue a celebrated way to have plenty of decision* shows how a seemingly meaningless phrase of Gertrude Stein's can be made to make pictorial sense. In another painting Miss Themerson engagingly asks *Why is the mind in the head?* But the truth is, she doesn't really care. What these three women painters have in common with previous women artists is that they are too concerned with the superficial appearance and finish of their pictures.

JOHN GOLDING

## Simple Faith

*Frost at Midnight* is the title of M. André Obey's new play, the world première of which Mr. Frank Hauser secured for the Oxford Playhouse this week. Simplicity is at the heart of M. Obey's view of the world. The innocent and the unsullied are his heroes, and if you dismiss this as sentimentality and flick off the argument that only the animals are innocent, he is likely to take you up on it, as he does here, and present you with, as his final curtain, a middle aged Ox and a stripling Ass praying in silence at the Manger.

The Ox is the blacksmith of a small town in Warwickshire in 1499. He is the leader of a company of village players who for ninety-four years have each Christmas acted a traditional Miracle play in the Cornmarket. In this particular year the company is joined by a young apprentice, Greene, who is to play the Ass in the stall, and takes his part in the play with all the wholeheartedness of the innocent. The girl playing the Virgin falls on this wintry night and breaks a leg: and for a moment it looks as if the play, with three days before Christmas to go, will have to be abandoned, for there appears to be no suitable replacement. But the boy won't hear of this. He has noticed in the streets a girl who would fit the part exactly; he knows where she lives, and the others, re-fired by his enthusiasm, let him go off and find her. He returns, to their consternation, with Alice—the serving girl of an Inn, a girl whose reputation they all know. But the Blacksmith won't let them laugh at the boy. The girl must not be judged: she must be given her chance. And she takes it and convinces them all. Then the Innkeeper bursts in on the rehearsal. He is not going to allow his serving girl to be away on the busiest night of the year. The play, anyhow, is a counter-attraction which he wants stopped and off he goes to the Mayor to get this done, using their acceptance of Alice for the Virgin as a pretext.

So far (granted that our warped and battered old spirits can accommodate this notion of the pure-in-heart), M. Obey carries us with him. It needs an immense tact of language and incident to make this situation convincing for us. And these he supplies. The grey cold Cornmarket with its little platform stage comes alive in the mild comedy of the rehearsals, the grumblings of the actors, the simple faith of their Blacksmith leader, counterpointed by the few extracts we hear from the Miracle play itself.

The second act holds a little less well. It is the night of the performance. The Innkeeper has done his damage: the town, scandalised by the idea of Alice as the Virgin, boycotts the play. At curtain rise not one spectator has turned up. Once again the boy puts spirits into the faint-hearted ("The voice of the schoolboy rallies the ranks," I almost wrote, for we are dangerously near that sentiment). Let them act it all the same to an empty hall. However cowardly and mean the world may be, let *them* keep the simple tradition alive. Once again the Innkeeper breaks up the arrangements, coming in to carry off Alice and publicly claim her as his by deed if not as yet by law. This is too much for horrified Innocence who has believed in the girl's purity throughout. The Miracle play is now finally abandoned, and the players steal shamefacedly away, leaving faithful Ox to comfort innocent Ass as best he can.

We are dealing, it may be seen, with the slipperiest of slopes, where the faintest false step will plunge us into the abyss of sentimentality. Mr. Frank Hauser, who directs, for his part found a path up which his actors could just crawl, hanging on by toe and finger. It was a considerable achievement. We reached the top, or at any rate, *a* top, but I'm not sure that I feel that the vertigo on the journey was quite worth it. Perhaps it is simply that I am impervious to M.


**HOW WILL INDUSTRY TAKE THE STRAIN?**

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Obey's special brand of simplicity. Miss Prunella Scales as Alice, Mr. Peter Kerr as the innocent boy and Mr. George Selway as the Ox blacksmith all acted with a fine sincerity and tact.

T. C. WORSLEY

## The Old Lady Shows Her Mettle

UNTIL last Friday, millions of wage-earners, on getting home from work, used to follow a familiar pattern of gradual relaxation: muddy shoes off, a wash, tea with a nice bit of fish or ham, a toy to mend for the kiddies ("there now, don't bother your father any more, off to bed with you"); some background music or the football results on the radio. . . .

Now this working-day routine has been modified. Dad gets home to find the telly already on. The children are absorbed in *Sir Lancelot*. Mum doesn't know how she'll ever get them to bed. A few sentences are exchanged in whispers; tea is got perfunctorily, one eye on the screen. If the TV set is not in the kitchen, evening meals are no longer taken in the kitchen.

Possibly these domestic scenes are over-simplified; but the start of non-stop evening television clearly marks a new phase in the electronic revolution. This is a victory for ITV; but, ironically, the BBC—which did not want the "toddlers' truce" to end but could not refuse to meet this challenge—won a clear victory over ITV on Monday night. Its magazine programme, *Tonight*, combines reasonable quality with popular appeal; and, just as on Saturdays its skittish invitation to "climb aboard the *Six-five Special*" is a fast-moving miscellany of sport, jazz, and light music, so from Monday to Friday the venerable Corporation seems determined to prove that no upstart programme-company can beat it in pace and verve.

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21S

**MULLER**

ITV was, indeed, unlucky on Monday. At 6 p.m. sharp (five minutes before the BBC's *Tonight*) began the first of a series of half-hour programmes on science in daily life, *Outlook*. Within a minute, science had failed us. The sound went off: the man on the screen mouthed inaudibly and vanished. All we heard was (twice) a madly refined female voice saying "I'm *so* sorry . . . we're doing everything we can to remedy the fault." All we saw was the Associated-Rediffusion clock, inexorably marking the passage of time towards 6.5—when I, and no doubt many others, switched to the BBC.

A completely different policy for this hour's programmes is being pursued on each channel. Associated-Rediffusion simply divides the hour in two: *Outlook* is one of five series, designed to appeal, fairly seriously, to teen-agers, filling the half-hour from 6 to 6.30 each evening from Monday to Friday; but the time from 6.30 to 7 is occupied by less adult stuff—adventure-series such as *Superman* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

The BBC, having perhaps investigated more thoroughly the social habits of viewers, knows that many of them will only get home at some time during this hour: it therefore deliberately fills it with a miscellany of short bits and pieces, even repeating the gist of some items—a trick that, if used too often, would irritate those who came in at 6.

On Monday, in *Tonight*'s forty minutes, there were no fewer than twelve items, smoothly compered by Cliff Michelmore, who is improved by spectacles and increasing chubbiness. These items were: (1) an outside broadcast of the Football Association Cup draw (in which there should have been a reaction shot of the Bournemouth manager looking, as he later told us he had been, thrilled); (2) a survey of that morning's newspapers (a startling departure from the old BBC rule that papers are not to be named, presumably inspired by Granada's *What the Papers Say*—startling also for John Metcalf's un-BBC description of *The Times*'s "grey, dead-pan" style); (3) a truly *ad hoc* calypso by Cy Grant ("... Future sociologists may well speculate On the impact of *Tonight* on the Welfare State. . . ."); (4) a laboured item about a nude statue of Aphrodite which has shocked some Richmond puritans, with too many interviews and (again very un-BBC) a callipygous "rear view", to be screened in due course by bull-rushes; (5) an interview with the Dame of Sark (where there is no income-tax but a tax on capital "takes care of our poor"); (6) romantic film of a Portuguese singer, Amalia Rodriguez; (7) quick news-flash (at which point I checked that ITV was now functioning again, with information on the insulation of houses); (8) Jonathan Miller impersonating the Charing Cross Road shops (not so well or so fast as Jacqueline Mackenzie does this sort of thing); (9) Ed Murrow interviewed by a novice, Derek Hart, who naturally didn't do it so expertly as Robin Day did later in the evening on ITN; (10) an extract from a telerecording of Toscanini's funeral in Milan that morning; (11) FA cup draw repeat; (12) Cy Grant again, singing the delightful "Kisses Sweeter than Wine".

I doubt if this crowded-hour pace can be kept up without deterioration. Some items might well have been longer. As entertainment, much of it was good, all of it harmless; but (quite apart from the problem of getting the children to bed) it is perhaps a pity that there is now no respite from TV, no time for quiet talk or reading, on any week-day evening in what is increasingly the typical British household—and all this furious, expensive restlessness has been made necessary by commercial pressures. The main purpose of the change seems to be to extend forwards the peak viewing hour: if viewers are securely trapped rather earlier than they used to be, the advertising rate-graph can rise earlier. Thus, Associated-Rediffusion now charges £475 instead of £325 a minute for commercials shown between 6.55 and 7.25 p.m. on Thursday and Friday. Oddly, the Monday rate has been reduced to a bargain-price, £150 a minute: one would have thought Monday a good, because stay-at-home, night for viewing, but apparently the hucksters prefer to concentrate on the evenings immediately before the main shopping-days. Yet the highest rate of all is still that charged by Associated Tele-Vision between 8 and 9 p.m. on Sunday: £1,100 a minute.

TOM DRIBERG

## Can't Be Helped

FILM critics think they have a hard time; and they are right. But, by restricting their viewing to the official press shows, they miss an unfair number of the trials their readers are liable to fall victims to. At the Carlton, for instance, with *The Girl Can't Help It*, is a CinemaScope short about Esquimaux (ten minutes of snow and cliché), and another short subject in which Mr. Derek Bond explains how fearfully complicated and expensive ("without a penny being wasted") the process of film-making must be. To exemplify, we are privileged to watch some scrappily assembled shots taken during the filming of *Anastasia*. "The cameraman takes endless trouble, even personally adjusting the shadows on Ingrid Bergman's face." Well—who ever would have thought it!

There is also, of course, a newsreel. Solemn tones for the enthronement of a new Roman Catholic Archbishop, and jocular stuff about Cruft's ("Not a tree in sight!") and the Duke's Tour ("Piccaninnies on Parade! Swing dose arms! Stamp dose feet!"). The *pièce de résistance* here is a heart-rending appeal to the public to support the film industry's campaign for the easing of Entertainments Tax. "The lights are going out"—grim images of shuttered cinemas—a civic dignitary with face like doom bewails the plight of his now cinema-less town—a manager's farewell to his staff, like Noel Coward in *In Which We Serve*, only more *sincere*.

This sort of spiritless whine is no way to defend the cinema: but I suppose we must not be surprised if the System can produce nothing better. In this context, the main feature at the Carlton (it is also on at the Rialto) is particularly revealing. *The Girl Can't Help It* is the first rock 'n' roll film I have seen. I approached it in friendship, ever on the side of the socially underprivileged; but, I admit frankly, I recoiled pretty sharply as it hit me. Is *this* what they're asking us to fight for? Cheaply prefabricated and carelessly assembled, *The Girl Can't Help It* is a juke-box thrown into the face of the public with a great blare of ugly, debilitated music. Seeing it is like being shut up for a couple of hours *inside* one of those huge, booming machines, all pink, green and mauve lights, gobbling up the small change of the ignorant. I suppose that Jayne Mansfield, "launched" in this film, is human: but she so resembles a strip-cartoon parody of the Monroe-Dors figure that she might very well have been fashioned out of some disturbing new plastic substance. The "comedy" is provided chiefly by Tom Ewell and Edmond O'Brien: two desperate, disillusioned performances, whose scenes have the fragrance of stale cigarette smoke and whiskey bottles all-but emptied. The music is jazz under neon lights, commercialised, devitalised, put across with the kind of showmanship in which hysteria and cynicism are most distastefully blended.

You can see, from a few snide touches, that Frank Tashlin, who wrote and directed this film, is no rock 'n' roller. But this only deprives the whole affair of the vitality it might have possessed if he had been. He can have a few laughs, but finally he must capitulate to commerce and subscribe to the publicist's lie. Fifteen years ago, made by the same studio, *The Girl Can't Help It* would have been either a conventional, but bright and well-turned musical, with artists like Betty Grable, Charlotte Greenwood and Carmen Miranda; or an intelligent, hard-boiled satire—remember Ginger Rogers in *Roxie Hart*? But today. . . . This is Hollywood on its knees.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

# Correspondence

## UNDERGRADUATES IN HUNGARY

SIR,—To me one of the most surprising aspects of our release from Hungary was that no one, not even the newspapers which paid large sums of money for our exclusive stories, was the slightest bit interested in how or why we had gone. Consequently many incorrect assumptions have been made.

My chief reason for going was my interest in the Hungarian situation and in the refugee problem. I had been in Budapest in November and I wanted to see for myself how people's opinions had changed, if at all, under the tremendous barrage of propaganda from Kadar's government. I also wanted to find out why so many Hungarians were fleeing their country. Many, of course, had excellent reasons: they had fought against the Russians during the revolution, and were liable to be tried or deported. But these were obviously only a small percentage. What about the others? If they were fleeing with the sole intention of seeking material advantages, then I thought that we ought to revise our attitude to the problem. To my mind a true patriot does not leave his country for such considerations, however bad conditions may be.

My curiosity was at least partially rewarded. There is little doubt that many, if not most, of the population now believe that the revolution was Fascist-inspired and organised from abroad. One of my prison guards, a private soldier, told me that he had seen an Englishman wearing a "smoking" (presumably a dinner) jacket handing out hand grenades from a Red Cross lorry in one of the main streets of Budapest. I am quite sure that he believed he had actually seen this incredible sight. As regards the refugee problem, I did not speak with enough people to form a definite opinion. Certainly there are many people inside Hungary to-day who have forgone a comparatively easy life abroad because they believe that it is their duty to remain there and try to work for the ideals of the revolution by peaceful means. Many of these people are thoroughly scornful of those who have fled. But this does not necessarily mean that we should condemn the refugees. I think it can safely be said, however, that the number of ships leaving the sinking rat is less than most people imagine.

We have been much criticised for the irresponsibility of our journey. The facts, briefly, are as follows: we had transit visas valid for five days, and never forged or altered any documents; our Volkswagen, far from being a battered old crock, has the most reliable engine in Europe (the only time it has failed to start in the last 10,000 miles was when the Kecskemet police removed the distributor head); contrary to general opinion it was not our intention to get arrested or to involve Her Majesty's Government in any way. Under these circumstances I do not think any fair-minded person would blame us for being arrested, though we are open to the criticism that central European politics are not the business of Oxford undergraduates.

Critic's hint that the *Daily Express* paid us in advance to be imprisoned on an espionage charge in a Communist country, in order to secure our exclusive stories if we were released, is rather amusing.

5 Hanover Terrace, N.W.1. ROGER COOPER

## GEORGE LUKACS

SIR,—I am glad that Sam Russell's letter, like a similar despatch to the *Daily Worker*, has made it reasonably certain that George Lukács is alive, well and being humanely treated. But, having worked with Sam Russell on the *Daily Worker* for 14 years, I am sure he would be the last to say that his piece of information disposes of the Lukács case satisfactorily. It is rather as if the American forces in Britain were to kidnap G. D. H. Cole after promising him a safe-conduct to Scandinavia, immure him in France, and then keep his fate a secret. If, in these circumstances, the Washington correspondent of *The Times* were to tell us that Prof. Cole was alive, well-treated, and permitted to continue his studies on the British Labour movement, would anybody be satisfied? I hope not.

Will Sam Russell now tell us whether Lukács was kidnapped by Soviet forces in breach of the agreement made between the Kadar government and Yugoslavia? Will he tell us whether he is held in Rumania by the Soviet government, and if so, what authority the Soviet government has to immure anybody in Rumania? If he is held by the Rumanian government, what breaches of Rumanian law has he committed, and under what Rumanian legislation is he denied the right either to return to his own country or go elsewhere? Is this, perhaps, an example of "international class solidarity"?

The official Kadar government explanation, I gather, is that other ill-disposed people might take advantage of Lukács' freedom to make him the unwitting centre of their machinations. On these grounds anybody with independent thoughts could be locked up: it would be helpful if Sam Russell could attempt to square such a proceeding with the principles of personal freedom which the British working-class and Socialist movements have so frequently defended.

MALCOLM MACEWEN

31 Tanza Road, N.W.3.

## A NICE LITTLE AGGRESSION

SIR,—"A nice little aggression" is Mr. Crossman's considered verdict, in his review of James Morris's *Sultan in Oman* (February 2), on the events which took place in Oman at the close of 1955. ". . . the Sultan of Muscat (a British protégé) was given an army," writes Mr. Crossman, "and told to make war against the Imam of Oman (a Saudi-American protégé)." From this, and from similar statements in Mr. Crossman's review (e.g. ". . . the armies which invaded Oman from the north . . ."), one might be led to suppose that Oman was a separate, independent, and wholly foreign state from Muscat, with a well-defined international frontier between them, and that the Sultan was encouraged to violate this frontier and invade Oman by a British government anxious to acquire control over the supposed oil resources of the region. Was this really the case, or was the Sultan in fact reasserting his authority over an area to which he had legitimate title? The most cursory reading of the history of south-eastern Arabia is bound to lead, I believe, to the formation of the latter view.

Many of the tribes of the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman are of the Ibadhiya sect of Islam, who for centuries were accustomed to being ruled by an *imam* who combined in his person the dual roles of spiritual leader and temporal sovereign. From the middle of the eighteenth century Muscat and Oman have been ruled by members of the Al Bu Said dynasty (the family of the present Sultan), who were at first *imams* but later resigned the spiritual duties of the imamate, retaining only temporal authority over Oman. A movement for the revival of the imamate in its religious aspect arose in the interior of Oman at the close of the nineteenth century, and only acquired political significance as the Sultan's authority waned in the districts beyond the Hajar mountains. What happened in Oman at the close of 1955 was a reassertion of rightful Al Bu Said authority in these districts and the overthrow of the *soi-disant* Imam. Mr. Morris's book makes it plain that the tribesmen shed no tears over the Imam's eclipse and gave the Sultan a cordial welcome.

How, then, does the exercise of the Sultan's legitimate rights in Oman become, in Mr. Crossman's phrase, "a nice little aggression"? Because it was directed against a self-styled "independent" Imam, supported, for their own obvious purposes, by the Saudi-Arabians? Because the Sultan was determined to ensure that whatever oil resources might be discovered in the area should benefit his subjects in Muscat and Oman and not the Saudi-Arabians? Or, because the British government applauded the reassertion of his rights in Oman? "Mr. Morris," avers Mr. Crossman, "makes it clear that the legal basis of the Sultan's claim to Oman was very dubious." Mr. Morris does no such thing: in the whole length of his book I can find no informed or reasoned examination of the Sultan's claim. Mr. Morris is not an historian and does not profess to be one: his book is not, nor does he claim it to be, a political history of south-eastern Arabia, but, as Mr. Crossman so aptly describes it, is "a travelogue," "an elegant trifle." As such, it is a very slim peg on which to hang such opinions as Mr. Crossman expresses with respect to British policy in the area. He speaks of the British government having given the Sultan an "army" with which to carry out his *coup*; I, for one, should like to hear more from Mr. Crossman on this "army." "Indirect colonialism" is the label Mr. Crossman tries to affix to British support of the Sultan. What of support for the Imam by the Saudi-Americans (to employ Mr. Crossman's quaint term) for the purpose of bringing western Oman under Saudi control and within the sphere of operations of the Arabian-American Oil Company? Was this not an attempt at "colonialism," or is "colonialism" merely a British or European vice to which non-Europeans or Americans are not addicted? "Colonialism" as an epithet of abuse may hold good in other parts of the world: I wonder whether Mr. Crossman, if he examined the history of Saudi-Arabian expansion in south eastern Arabia, with its record of bloodshed, terrorism and extortion, would really apply it to the British government's efforts to preserve the independence of Muscat, Oman and the Trucial Sheikdoms since the early nineteenth century.

J. B. KELLY

Institute of Commonwealth Studies, Oxford.

## THE ANNEXATION OF KASHMIR

SIR,—The so-called accession of the State of Jammu and Kashmir to India by the Maharajah was invalid. Pakistan has never accepted the validity of the accession. It was so patently spurious that I do not need to recall it after ten years. At any rate, while accepting the Maharajah's offer of "accession," the Indian government stated that the *accession was to be conditional*. They categorically said on October 27, 1947, that as soon as law and order was


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restored in the state the question of the *state's accession* should be settled by a reference to the people.

Your remark that Pakistanis are talking nonsense when they suggest that survivors from the massacres of 1947 can now be repatriated as voters in a plebiscite denies what has already been conceded by the Security Council whilst affirming a plebiscite, namely that refugees from Kashmir have the right to vote whereas the newly settled people have no such right. India's rejection of the plebiscite on the new ground that if it were held now it would rebound on the "forty million" Muslims living in India through communal strife is, in my view, a thinly veiled threat. This is using a very dangerous weapon, and the world should take note of it as it is in direct violation of fundamental human rights of which India has been the most vocal champion. In this connection, there appears to be no point in recalling also the principles of the United Nations Charter since India has already defied the Security Council resolutions.

India has been raising the charge of aggression in season and out of season against Pakistan for the last ten years. In spite of it, the Security Council, where the charge was first raised, has passed a series of resolutions confirming a plebiscite in the state, the last being passed on January 24 this year. Speaking after Mr. Menon's three-hour forty-five minute speech in the Security Council on February 8, a member of the Council recalled his own statement of January 24 and said, *inter alia*: "There was no systematic or serious consideration of that charge and of the counter-charge of aggression. The members of the Council, without consultation, all came to the same conclusion that the charge of aggression should be by-passed. . . . I believe it was very wise of the Council to by-pass that charge. In using the word 'by-pass' I meant refrain from consideration. Indeed, the Council at the time by-passed many other controversial points, such as those relating to the constitutional, political, social, economic and religious background of this controversy or situation. The Council at that time came to this conviction: that it was better to concentrate on the present and future rather than to devote time and energy to assigning blame or apportioning responsibility for past events. As for the present, the Council thought that we could best take care of the present by a cessation of hostilities. As to the future, the Council thought that we could best take care of the future of that region by insisting on the peaceful and democratic method of a free and fair plebiscite."

It is in the light of these and other similar words of wisdom that India and Pakistan committed themselves to a plebiscite provided for in the Security Council resolutions of August 13, 1948, and January 5, 1949. It is the inherent right of the people of Kashmir to decide by a free and impartial vote as to whether their state should accede to Pakistan or India. There are several other points in your reports which should be replied to in order to keep the records straight, but I feel this cannot be done due to the limitations of space. All Pakistan asks for is peace and a plebiscite.

Press Attaché, S. M. HAQ
Office of the High Commissioner for Pakistan,
35 Lowndes Square, S.W.1.

## POST-WAR OFFICE BUILDINGS

SIR,—I am in wholehearted agreement with Mr. James Cubitt's criticism of office buildings and accept his reasons for this dismal standard, but his answers seem to me quite superficial. If we are going to condemn what has been done we must study this problem deeply and not just supply an interesting façade as the solution—however fine the proportions or well chosen the materials. The whole concept of the office environment which is created by these huge schemes must be thought out. We must get away from the idea of a block sitting beside a street and think in terms of large-scale, multi-level developments comprising a complex of main and subsidiary requirements. Parking, offices, shops, pedestrian places, transport routes, communal board rooms, lecture theatres—these are a random few of many possibilities to be considered, with the effects of automation and atomic power and the integration of living accommodation.

Each development is an opportunity to create a live, sympathetic environment. And these opportunities have occurred—in London, the long section of Wigmore Street, the L.C.C. South Bank scheme, and the sites opposite the Tate Gallery are only three of many—all wonderfully exciting sites, which could have held wonderfully exciting schemes. But while businessmen think only in terms of lettable floor space and an impressive entrance, these unreal buildings with no relation to human beings will continue to spring up and impose their unknown nightmare influence on the "office worker." It is initially the architect-planner who must first evolve and then strive to build an environment in which people can enjoy working hard. G. B. FINCH

39 Evelyn Gardens,
S.W.7.

## PRISONS AND PRISONERS

SIR,—Everyone who is concerned about reforms in our present penal system and the treatment of the offender will welcome Mr. Rolph's "open letter" to the Home Secretary. As a social worker who has until very recently been concerned *inter alia* with the welfare of persons discharged from sentences of imprisonment, may I be permitted to make one or two comments on an apparent omission in Mr. Rolph's letter?

In dealing with after-care Mr. Rolph gives the impression (which I am sure is unintentional) that there are no after-care facilities provided on a national scale for the discharged prisoner, and appears to envisage that which does exist in terms of a mere "reporting" of change of address to the C.A.C.A.—this is misleading. The Criminal Justice Act, 1948, and the Probation Rules (as amended) provide statutory after-care (in nearly all cases with Probation Officers acting as "associates" of the Central After-Care Assoc.) for persons released from sentences of Corrective Training, Preventive Detention, Borstal Training, Life Imprisonment, imprisonment imposed on young men under the age of 21. The Probation Service can also be called upon to provide after-care for young people discharged on licence from long terms of imprisonment for grave offences and for those discharged unconditionally from a Detention Centre. Moreover, the Probation Rules make it very clear that it is also the duty of a probation officer to assist a man released from a sentence of imprisonment from a regional training prison at the request of the Central After-Care Association.

Persons sentenced to more than twelve months imprisonment who wish to be assisted on discharge are also often helped by a local probation officer acting on behalf of the National Association of Discharged Prisoners Aid Societies, this body being controlled centrally but administered on a regional basis.

Since the largest part of the "statutory" after-care (i.e. in cases where the person discharged is on licence) is carried out by probation officers, the classes of prisoner described above are in fact receiving the skilled treatment so rightly advocated by Mr. Rolph.

H. A. PRINS

129 Audley Road,
N.W.4.

## THE CHILD BALLADS

SIR,—Mr. Edwin Muir, like Child, has considered the ballads purely as poetry, and it is this, perhaps, which leads him to the idea that there is no room for purely oral poetry in this modern world of "universal education and the open society". The conclusion is not Mr. Muir's exclusively, and while at first sight it seems to be a self-evident truism, a little consideration of ballads as what they are, *sung* epics, shakes his confident assertion somewhat.

It is true that in a world which has little time at all for poetry of any kind, oral poetry gets short shrift indeed, although the persistence of the more colourful barrack-room recitations in any army which is, at least, semi-literate, shows that some kinds can survive. But even to-day, as far as most people are concerned, lyrics are always transmitted orally, without the intervention of the printed page. That goes for the products of Tin Pan Alley just as much as it goes for the more popular of Mr. Dent's translations of opera libretti. It is the reason why, despite a long line of jeremiahs—a line which included Child himself, by the way—traditional song and balladry is not dead yet, and in fact more vigorous now than at any time since Child's death.

The fact that this revival is being aided and stimulated by some of the products of the very industrial revolution which was expected to doom balladry to certain extinction is one of the ironic twists of fate which make the lives of literary Old Moores so uncertain. Mr. Alan Lomax has given evidence elsewhere of the way in which the gramophone record and the radio have revived the purely oral tradition in a way which Cecil Sharp never expected. Of course, these modern inventions are a danger to the tradition. It has to fight to preserve itself in face of their competition, and no one need be surprised if it becomes transformed while it does so. We may lose the classic ballads—though the indications seem to be to the contrary—but it does not seem that traditional folk poetry, in its most popular musical form, is doomed after all.

29 Green Lane, FRED DALLAS
Hersham, Surrey.

## TRIAL OF MENTAL DEFECTIVES

SIR,—Critic says rightly that mental defectives accused of crimes should have the benefits of a judicial trial. It is disturbing to read in the press, however, that one of the two Rampton men to whom Critic refers refused the legal aid which was offered him by the Bench. Since it is possible that this refusal arises from a defect of mind, would it not be desirable, in such cases, for the Bench to be authorised to invite counsel to conduct the defence at the preliminary hearing and—if the accused are committed for trial—later in the High Court? This procedure does not seem to be permitted under the present law. MARY STEWART

158 Walton Street, S.W.3.

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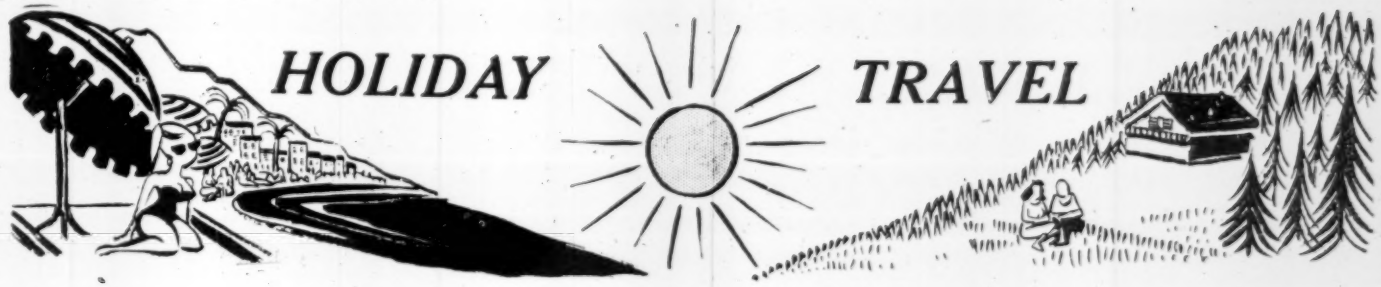


# Old Baedeker Revisited

WHEN I was fourteen, I wanted to see the Nevsky Prospekt. I had read *Anna Karenina* and my imagination was exercised, chiefly in geometry lessons, by the thought of myself, now a boyar, now a Cadet, hurtling in a troika down the boulevard to the Islands, and greeting in passing a number of Natashas and Irenas, also in troikas, hurtling in the opposite direction. These ruminations were interrupted one day by a master who asked what I was thinking about. When I replied "The Nevsky Prospekt," he seemed not to believe me, and sentenced me to an afternoon's detention.

During the afternoon, spent in the school library, a sort of Peter Paul Fortress, I found a 1914 *Baedeker*—"Russia with Teheran, Port Arthur and Peking." What caught my eye at once was the announcement that the "Blagovyeshtchenskaya, near the Nikolayevski Bridge (2½ roubles), was frequented by the demi-monde after the theatre." That, together with the assurance that "in winter an electric tramway runs over the frozen surface of the Neva from the Winter Palace to the Muitinskaya Naberezhnaya," decided me. I would visit St. Petersburg at the first convenient moment.

*Baedeker* in hand, I arrived in Leningrad eleven years later. Now it's no use travelling with last year's *Bradshaw*, or *l'Horaire des Chemins de Fer*, 1949. But an out-of-date *Baedeker* is an essential for the serious traveller. How otherwise can he feel the life of a city, the creep of time like the movement of an ice-cap, the genius of places that survives all changes of government, the habits that revolutions never alter?

"The quickest route from London to St. Petersburg," says the 1914 edition, "starts from Charing Cross station." It wasn't quite true even in 1935, but Dr. Baedeker was certainly on the ball when he wrote that "unprinted paper only should be used for packing to avoid any cause for suspicion. . . ." In most other respects, the handbook was a reliable guide. I saw, it is true, no wet-nurses wearing pink or blue according to their charge. On the other hand, as Dr. Baedeker warned on page XXIV, droshky drivers, even when they are bearded like Archimandrites, "often do not know how to read, do not always know their way about town, and sometimes raise difficulties about giving change. . . . Disputes should be referred to the nearest policeman."

My picture of St. Petersburg had been a gay one. "The scarlet liveries of the royal carriages are conspicuous," Baedeker wrote. Yet he added a warning, "The streets of St. Petersburg are much less animated than those of other European capitals, though they are a little less dull on Sunday and holidays." I must admit that till then I had blamed the drabness of Leningrad on the Revolution. Still, the great curve of the city with its palaces and cathedrals and its conspicuous official buildings, remained. The Admiralty and its caryatids, the Hermitage, all Fabergé and Rastrelli, the Smolny—though the girls had gone—the Finland Station, were exactly as the guide-book had promised. But the Nevsky Prospekt was gone. In its place was a thing called the Boulevard of the 25th of October.

Shortly afterwards I began to learn Russian, using Tchekhov's *Lady with a Dog* as my text. Once I knew the key words—poodle, promenade, civil servant, absent husband, boredom, ecstasy, self-contempt, remorse and despair—I progressed rapidly. The only difficulty was the scene—Yalta with the sauntering crowds on the Mole waiting for the boat, the morning strollers in pyjamas, the concert in the Kursaal. I became absorbed by the Yalta arrangements. What boat was Gurev waiting for when he stood with the other holiday makers looking seawards? Which were the Public Gardens where he "got off" with the lady's dog? In whose bathing establishment did he take his morning ice? Like a man surrendering to an addiction, I opened my 1914 *Baedeker*. It was all there. The steamer came from Alupka (65 kopeks). He met the lady in the Gorodskoy Sad. She sent her husband a telegram from the Post and Telegraph Office near the Livadia Bridge (open on week-days 8—2 and 5—7) explaining that her health required a longer stay. And I had no doubt that Gurev often took her for drives in cabs. ("Good phaetons with two horses; overcharging frequent.")

At any rate, I found myself a few years later rolling over the Sebastopol Hills towards Yalta, stuffing my ears against the commentary of an Interpol guide in a brown dress. I had nothing against her, except that, as I may have made clear, I was a *Baedeker* man and didn't want to be diverted. Unlike St. Petersburg, Yalta seemed unchanged. In the former Rossiya Hotel, the same wash-basin with running water sent its trickle, "a feeble stream," B. calls it, from a container into a bucket as it had done, no doubt, for the government clerk. And where the water overflowed were cockroaches, black and fat.

In the restaurant an old Tartar waiter who remembered Tchekhov well served dinner at a traditional trot. To see him running deferentially while he balanced a pile of plates was at once to admire a gymnastic feat and to wonder whether he realised that the Revolution had really happened. He might, indeed, have been excused for not doing so, since Yalta already had a new aristocracy —not simply the super-workers, but a layer of actors, actresses and film-directors, from the cinema city. Divorced from western life, they realised their modish individuality through fashion magazines and American films.

Outside, the scene could not have altered since Baedeker made his notes. I walked in the "small and shady Public Garden (adm. 20 kop.)"; I listened to an excellent orchestra that played away to the holiday makers by the Kursaal; I stood with the crowd at the Mole watching the evening boat arrive from Alupka; and although there were no ladies with poodles I met a lot of expectant mothers from the neighbouring palaces.

As to these, Baedeker was a reliable and up-to-date guide. Livadia, Massandra, Nikita, Alupka—the names are as beautiful as the places. Even before the first world war, they were open to tourists when the grand dukes weren't in residence. I only wish I could have seen more of the "wild gardens" of the Vorontzov Palace, planned by a Scottish architect under the influence of Ossian, and the twin rocks at Upper Massandra known as "Hurrah" and "Bravo" respectively.

Karl Baedeker, of course, stands no nonsense. Tariffs, time-tables, *Rundfahrts*, historical notes, sea-baths, visitor's notes—all have to be exact. "Exact!" You can almost hear him saying it in English. But I must admit that, belonging to an unsentimental age, he can be disenchanting. Take his treatment of the legend of the Fountain of Bakhtchi Sarai. Let Baedeker speak for himself: "The most famous of the fountains is the so-called Fountain of Tears. The story, according

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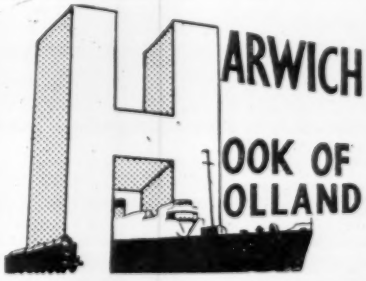


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to which the Countess Marie Potocka wept away her life as a prisoner here, deaf to the love-making of the Khan Mengli-Girai, has no foundation in fact."

Deaf to the love-making! No foundation in fact! If Dr. Baedeker had deliberately set out to discourage the tourist trade, he could scarcely have done better. Fortunately, he abandons this antiseptic and monosensory approach a few lines later when he says "The only object of interest in the Harem is the bathing-room."

Since Baedeker wrote of Yalta, the scene has changed. There are no Tartar waiters. Stalin deported the non-Russian populations as unreliable. But, now that I come to think of it, it will make little difference to the value of your Ur-Baedeker. For Baedeker in his original form was above all the guide for the superior classes and their attendants. *He* never harboured any revolutionary thoughts or paid much attention to subject peoples, except as tourist sights. "Both country and people," he wrote of Russia, "are so uniform that the long railway journeys are of themselves enough to give a superficial acquaintance with them." There is, as you see, no sociology in Baedeker, only facts.

And that is as it should be for the retrospective traveller. Baedeker's facts have a lasting quality. The Tartars will one day return to the Crimea, trekking back from Siberia with Imgush and Chechen. Once again, after the romantic revival, the Fontan Slyoz will flow with water and not with tears. And the poodle will make friends with strangers in the Gorodskoy Sad. Meanwhile, since Stalin has gone, Baedeker is returning to his own. The Boulevard of the 25th of October is no longer on the map. The Nevsky Prospekt is back.

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# Travelling Hopefully

"If you've time to spare, travel by air," said the American lady rather loudly, and the airport staff winced. Our plane had been delayed by a strike most of the previous day and had taken off at last in the early evening, only to circle the airfield and flutter back to base with an oil-leak. Now, 18 hours later, it looked as if they would need a jack to get it off the ground.

The American lady told me she was anxious to get to Damascus by evening to catch a connection for Baghdad. To cheer her up I told her about my last return-trip from Baghdad. My plane had been held up three days because of an oil shortage. They were only producing about 20 million tons of oil in Iraq that year, so folk had to wait their turn. I advised her to go by bus. I always advise people to go by bus.

Only a few days before my meeting with the American lady the pilot of the Egyptian plane in which I was travelling had turned back because he had seen a formation of what he described as flying cups: they were on their way, presumably, to a tryst with a party of flying saucers, the incidence of celestial crockery being fairly high that year. And a month or so before that a Greek pilot had flown me and ten other pale people in circles for two hours to use up his fuel, while toy ambulances and fire-engines milled around excitedly far below. But I am ready to admit that such *contretemps* are exceptional. My pro-bus bias has deeper roots than these.

It is better, the Chinese say (or so I am assured), to travel hopefully than to arrive. By air—I concede—one does, usually, arrive. In fact that is about all there is to it, apart from a more or less frigidly passable meal and a more or less frigidly personable air-hostess. The appalling thing about air travel is its unswerving inevitability. What goes up must come down.

There are, on the other hand, no musts about bus travel. It is not merely unpredictable but, on the whole, enchantingly so. On the rare occasions aircraft do anything so interesting as fly off-course, one is all too likely to be landed on a glacier clad in Mediterranean beachwear. The one-hour flight from Paris to London has been known, in smoggy weather, to take in the north of Scotland, facing its victims with a two-day fight back to civilisation aboard sleeperless trains—which is not funny. The one-hour bus ride from Le Havre to Deauville, on the other hand, involved me recently in crossing the Seine by raft—which is.

The summer following the disappearance of Burgess and Maclean, a member of a western foreign office who was touring Greece spent a couple of days in the remote coastal town in which I was holidaying. He arrived in a diplomatic car but, eager to lap up local colour, decided to return by bus. Accordingly, on what might have become an historic dawn, he was wedged aboard the town's throbbing Olympian Flyer beside an orthodox priest whose presence was already causing the other passengers some dismay. As every Near-easterner knows, to see a priest at the outset of a journey is a grim omen; and to travel in the company of one is to court disaster. It was no coincidence that as the bus moved off towards the range of hills it had to cross the clouds came down and there was a clap of thunder. The gods were rubbing their hands.

I learned of our visitor's disappearance the following morning. It was clear from the agitation of the man who rang me up about it that this was another Maclean case. MI5, FBI and MVD would soon be descending on the town in shoals. Twelve hours later, however, I was informed that the hunt was off: the missing diplomat had been found performing folk-dances in a village tavern in the hills. The bus had developed gearbox trouble while battling through a storm, and, not wishing his passengers to be stranded on an exposed mountainside, the driver had coasted it down a side road to his village in hopes of fixing the fault there. In the village, however, the gearbox had proved unco-operative, and, since there was no telephone on hand, it had taken some 20 hours to get outside aid.

Buses reveal quite a lot about national character. Greek buses, more often than not dusty and down-at-heel, are—like their human compatriots—magnificently resilient and resourceful. And they, too, when reality becomes a bore, fly headlong into fantasy and invoke ancient gods. You will generally be resting beneath a trellis of vine in front of a village café when this happens. A bus draws up in a cloud of dust. The passengers peer out at you and nod pleasantly. You nod back; and it is really only as the bus is pulling away that you notice the prevalence of beards and horns and bright mad eyes and sense the nearness of Pan or even Circe.

Italian buses are sophisticated, superbly articulate creatures, booming and trumpeting operatically and even contriving to gesticulate. Spanish buses have an appropriately oppressed, overburdened air. French buses gravitate with deterministic inevitability from one café to the next, and the men who have the incredible good fortune to drive them on country routes are forever clamping on the brakes, dashing off into some idyllic *auberge* and reappearing after a good interval hastily wiping their lips.

The unhappiest bus I ever saw was a British double-decker in Tel Aviv. How it got there—whether it was a gift of the London County Council or was driven across Europe by a party of British Zionists—I never discovered; but one could sense its bewilderment at the Hebrew shop signs and multilingual animation, its nostalgia for smog and the smell of boiled cabbage.

Throughout the Near East British buses suffer the grievous disadvantage of needing two men to operate them. All really self-respecting near-eastern buses drive themselves, leaving their nominal driver free to issue tickets and entertain the passengers. I discovered this aboard a bus hurtling down the chain of hairpin bends that links the villages on the upper slopes of the Lebanon range with the coastal plain five thousand feet below. The driver was engaged most of the way in an energetic political discussion, gesticulating eloquently with both arms. From time to time, when something in the argument annoyed him, he would turn away from us, stare moodily at the road and hoot at a passing donkey; but he would soon be back with a triumphant rejoinder, and the altercation would flash on anew.

In Cyprus, the monastery of Stavrovouni, on an isolated peak two thousand feet high, can be visited by car by anyone with a taste for unsurfaced mountain tracks edged with crumbling precipices. The safest and fastest way of doing the trip is by bus with one of the parties of Greek Orthodox pilgrims who go there to see the piece of the True Cross which the monastery possesses, and to taste the monks' honey. The driver will usually have a couple of children on his knees, a travel-sick female relative hanging round his neck and a group of friends and admirers crowding in on him with bundles and offering him slices of watermelon and goatsmilk cheese. There is, however, no danger. The bus will get you safely

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there even if the driver stands on his head. And both he and the passengers know this.

Further west in Libya, there is a disturbing lack of faith in such fundamentals. The country's main bus route, the six-hundred-mile Tripoli-Benghazi highway, has only about three minor kinks; but its users insist quite fanatically that their driver keeps his eyes on every inch of the way. As the bus moves off, the passengers set about singing and shouting to keep him awake. Some of them feed him at frequent intervals lest he faint at the wheel. This effort is sustained for most of the first eighty miles. Then, exhausted by the din, passengers and driver alike doze off, one by one, and the bus is left to manage its affairs in peace.

The only all-American bus I have ever travelled on—driven, I mean, by an American driver and populated by American passengers—I boarded on the fringes of the Egyptian desert not far from the step-pyramid at Saqqara. I was staying with friends on the east bank of the Nile, almost opposite Saqqara, and had got myself ferried across the river, aboard a felucca laden mainly with water-buffaloes, with the aim of exploring the site of Memphis and the ruins of some of the earliest pyramids. I hired a donkey, the only form of transport, in a village near Memphis and its owner came along as well astride another animal.

Halfway through the afternoon the donkey-owner went into conference with a small party of Bedouin that had suddenly appeared, and asked me rather pointedly for a sum approximately four times that agreed upon for the hire of my steed. The five or six Bedouin grinned and nodded encouragingly. It looked as if only a miracle could rescue me from what promised to be a most undignified argument—and then the miracle happened.

A beautiful little bus, like something out of a toy shop window, came gliding over the top of a rise about 20 yards away and down a track that ran within a few feet of where we stood. I put out an arm and the driver stopped.

"Are you going to Cairo?" I asked.

"Sure," said an American voice. "Hop in."

I hopped, and left the dumbfounded donkey-owner and Bedouin pondering (I suspect) on the iniquities of western imperialism. There were about twelve people aboard the bus, mostly youngish couples, all Americans—aglitter with sunglasses, cameras and photometers. I sat next to the driver.

"You're English, aren't you?" he asked. I admitted the charge and he shook his head in mock mystification. "Jeeze," he said. "You guys sure pop up in the most unexpected places."

RAY ALAN

# Work and Play

EUROPE has always been a playground for the British. As islanders, seafarers and empire-builders we have gone to the odd corners of the world to live and work. But the barriers of language, immigration laws and lower living standards have kept us out of Europe. We have been the Vikings of European travel, making brief raids on coastal settlements and holiday centres, looting souvenirs and sunshine, but coming back to the snug safety of our daily routine. We do not mix.

One reason, of course, is that too many of us have a stereotyped approach to foreign travel. For fifty weeks we save. We book our boat, train or plane tickets, even our complete holiday. We go, we relax, we return. We have neither time nor energy for anything else. Yet an increasing number of us are discovering that holidays may be cheaper and perhaps more rewarding if they make some definite link with our everyday lives and interests. There are an astonishing number of professional and recreational groups which now make special arrangements for their members to travel abroad. If these facilities are not used to capacity the reason may well be that so many people are simply unaware that they exist.

Take, for instance, the exchange facilities of such groups as the British Drama League, which can arrange tours and visits for amateur dramatic clubs, or the National Council of Social Service, which does a similar job for social workers, or the Central Council for Physical Recreation, which has a regular programme of this kind. How many of us think of following up a lead of this kind? How many of us know, indeed, that there is an unsatisfied demand for exchanges with Germany, of children, students and adults?

Children, naturally, are the potential travellers of tomorrow; even one foreign journey in adolescence may begin the habit of a lifetime. And every teacher who has survived the experience knows the value of taking a school party abroad, not merely in terms of wider experience but also in strictly curricular interests. A European holiday can be properly prepared—with films, maps, books, newspapers, local histories and guides—and even the reception of European children here can be used to stimulate similar projects. Several travel agents, in fact, have learnt this lesson from the schools and arrange film shows and lectures for their clients.

For young people, the field is wider, because they can work to pay their way or, in some cases, secure scholarships and subsidies for attending vacation courses. There are several centres which give advice and information in this field—I was surprised to learn, for example, that the Western European Union has a special youth committee which can arrange work exchanges between the member countries, while Unesco offers travel bursaries. Work camps, on which the student organisations give valuable assistance, are popular, and full information on these can be obtained from the Co-ordinating Committee for International Voluntary Work Camps, Unesco Youth Section, 19, Avenue Kleber, Paris, 16. Another useful list of *Vacation Courses Abroad* is published each Spring by the Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges, 55A, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1. This bureau, moreover, publishes an invaluable *Survey* which can be obtained from the same address for three shillings. The *Survey* gives full details of educational travel and exchange facilities, including the addresses of both British and foreign agencies and institutions which work in this field, travel concessions for parties and visa information. For adults who wish to get details and dates for the festivals in Europe, a list is available from the European Association of Festivals of Music and Drama, 122, Rue de Lausanne, Geneva.

It is hard to say what proportion of our holiday traffic to Europe falls into this category, as distinct from straightforward sun-seekers. But there is no doubt that while the numbers are fairly large—large enough for some agencies to specialise in handling such arrangements—they could be much larger. For many who go on journeys of this kind may never have travelled abroad before, or thought of travelling abroad if they had not been swept up in a group scheme—such as the Lancashire cookery teachers who made a visit to France last year, or local rotarians who visited a town in Holland that they "adopted" after the war. As we are a people with a passion for joining voluntary societies, what could be a more natural extension of the boom in foreign travel than to export ourselves as interest groups as well as simple tourists? We might even begin to mix a little.

JOHN ROSS


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# Leaves from a Traveller's Notebook

TAKING a car to Europe can be an expensive way of travelling, and I'm not surprised that motorists are more and more offering one or two spare seats for a share of the costs. The problem is always to find someone who wants to go to the right place at the right time. The usual way is to advertise, for instance, in the small advertisements of this journal, or in *The Times*. I am surprised that no one has yet thought it worth while to set up a bureau where unladen car-owners and hopeful passengers could register. Most people would willingly spend, say, ten shillings or a pound, in order to make the right contact. I remember that something of this kind was started in New York. It grew so rapidly that, before long, it was being run as a business with branches in several big cities. You simply informed the office that you wished to go from New York to Cincinatti, or Atlanta, or New Orleans. The firm, which owned a fleet of cars, charged you one quarter of the total cost, which included a profit margin, the driver's wages and an allowance for wear and tear on the car. The journey was quicker, more pleasant and cheaper than going by bus, which is otherwise the least expensive way of moving about the United States. A similar scheme exists—invaluably—in Israel. How convenient it would be for the car-less if, for less than the rail fare, they could be sure of picking up a car at Calais for Nice, Geneva and the Costa Brava. Meanwhile, has anyone two seats for Genoa in September?

* * *

Glancing through the travel advertisements this year, I notice that more agencies have switched to the charter-flight as a means of getting their clients a long way quickly—and cheaply. I am not surprised. Anyone who buys an air ticket in this way—and it must be part of a "package" holiday—is paying less for the flight than he would pay if he bought a second-class rail ticket to his destination. And it is much the best way to get to some places. A flying-boat from Southampton to Sicily or the Italian Riviera, or a plane to a small airfield in Corsica, Sardinia or Spain, is a fast and convenient means of travel that cuts down the toll of energy and time. It means that anywhere within six or eight hours' flying time from England becomes a possible place for two weeks' holiday at a price not much higher than one would spend for a fortnight at Broadstairs. I know that the regular airlines dislike this trend, since they feel that peak-period business is being filched from them. I think that they are wrong. These agencies, for the most part, are catering for people who have never flown before, or who could not afford the normal airline fare. In fact, to judge from the trouble I have had in getting reservations at short notice, the airlines have all the traffic they can handle in the summer months.

* * *

I am amused to see all the bally-hoo about B.E.A.'s forthcoming switch from Elizabethan airliners to Viscounts on the London-Paris run. Air France switched over nearly four years ago—and thereby clipped about 20 minutes off the flying time and, on this particular route, gained my custom. The long gestation-period of a new type of aircraft and the long period over which an airline operator must seek to amortise the capital invested in his fleet, combine to make these decisions to change aircraft among the most difficult and commercially hazardous in any branch of the transport industry. B.E.A. will now have to dispose of their Elizabethans, after only some three years of service, in order to replace them with something only just better than Air France already have: with a later mark of Viscount, they will, I presume, go marginally ahead on comfort and on payload—though not I believe on speed. On the


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whole, I should say that Air France snatched a big advantage by swapping to Viscounts as early as they did. The difference, of course, is largely psychological. I like to fly, it's true, by the fastest plane; but the time it takes to get from Bloomsbury to St. Germain des Prés is conditioned almost entirely by the traffic jams in the suburbs of London and Paris. As aircraft get faster, these get worse; and it is a terrible commentary on our mid-century civilisation that, as a reward for stomach ulcers, lung cancer and nervous hypertension, it now takes rather longer to go by air to Paris than it did 20 years ago.

* * * *

February is a month for taking rather than planning a ski-ing holiday. But making a late booking this year, I found the travel bureau still busy. The boom in winter-sports—which seems to be the fastest-growing side of the travel business—is still gathering momentum. One agent told me that he started in the winter of 1948-49 by sending out 200 people; last year he sent more than 5,000; and this season his bookings have already topped 7,000. Ski-ing is no longer a luxury holiday. More and more people have discovered, as I have, that two weeks in Austria can cost less than a summer vacation in France. They have discovered, too, the real advantage of the agency "tour." Bulk travel and block bookings bring down the cost, and since you are "organised" anyway by the ski-school there is no reason to fear the "organisation" which deters many people from buying their holidays in a package. On the contrary, the agency can save you money and trouble: because its patronage is valuable to a village and ensures that the ski-school and hotels keep up their standards. I have just been looking at the figures for the Tyrol. Bookings are up by about a quarter over last year. But though the increase is general, there are big variations. The number of Scandinavians is up by about 5 per cent.; the Dutch are up by 28 per cent.; but the English have increased by 36 per cent.

* * *

Travel in the Indian sub-continent used to be the uncomfortable privilege of the few, mainly government officials and business men with occasional big game hunters and archæologists thrown in. It was enjoyable if you had the money for personal service and an appetite for the extravagant—for the din of immense concourses of people at the stations, for a staggering riot of colour, for the smell and taste of surprising foods. The train is still the best way of savouring these tumultuous impressions if you have the time, and a revolution in comfort is foreshadowed by a recent announcement of the first air-conditioned third-class coach on an Indian train. But if you have only a few weeks, one of the very best air networks in the world is now at your disposal. Within two or three days' flying time (as many weeks by boat) the new and old worlds of India and Pakistan are accessible. You may leap from the North West Frontier—the Khyber Pass is not less exciting and romantic because it has passed from British to Pakistani hands—or from the loveliness of the Kashmir valley and the splendours of the Himalayan foothills to the hot villages of the Malabar coast and the incredibly complicated temples of Madras. Whatever else you miss you must not fail to see the frescoes of Ajanta and the sculptured mountain side of Ellora. The Mogul architecture of Agra and Delhi has not diminished in beauty because you can see it on the same day as the 20th-century building of le Corbusier. The palaces of Jaipur and Udaipur can be studied side by side with the community projects and the great new industries that are transforming Indian life. Everywhere the Indian scene is exciting, particularly to the visitor, who can feel himself part of a new society that is being shaped in the setting of one of the most ancient of the world's great civilisations.

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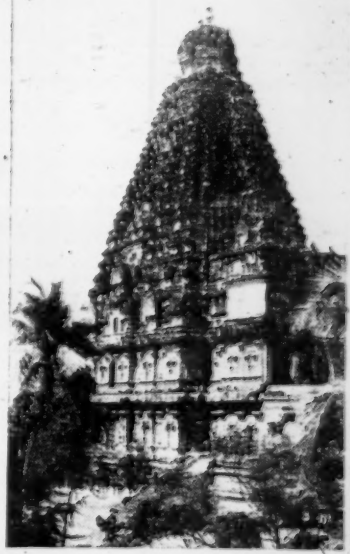

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which would gladly settle for clean lavatories and reasonably modern rolling stock. I am delighted to see that B.R. are at last beginning to make visible progress towards providing the passenger with the comforts to which high fares ought to entitle him. Railway food (with lamentable local exceptions) has already improved out of recognition; stations are brighter and better kept; while the announcement that pink powder rooms for ladies—how exquisitely chosen that word is—are to be a feature of new coach construction, while filling me with no personal enthusiasm, is, I hope, a symbol of luxuries to come. French and Italian railways were, paradoxically, given an enormous advantage in the post-war competition for railway prestige by the extent of the destruction done in the war. Some of their new construction in the last ten years has been admirable, and I hope that British Railways, moving more gradually, will now show that they can do at least as well.

* * *

In holiday travel, fashions change yearly, and I predict that 1957 may well be a Dalmatian Coast year. Getting there is the trouble—the roads are murderous. Beginning this spring, however, Yugoslav boats will run a regular service from Venice right down the coast. These boats are extraordinarily cheap, with reasonably comfortable cabins, which must be booked well in advance. The two newest, the *Yugoslavia* and the *Proletarska*, are the best; the others should be avoided. They will take your car for you for a small sum. There are at least twenty resorts on the coast, varying from tiny islands, like Korchula, to Dubrovnik with its luxury hotels and cultural festival. Apart from Dubrovnik, prices are low everywhere, and even in Dubrovnik you can stay in a good hotel, with full pension, for about £2 a day. The best months are May, June and September, though in October the weather, particularly towards the south, is still warm and sunny. Except for the big ports, like Rijeka and Split, Yugoslavian Communism has made little impact on this coast. The food is good, if somewhat heavy, the wines are delicious, and there is immense friendliness and gaiety. Dubrovnik has the nicest night-club I have ever visited, the Labyrinth: it is built into the town's ancient walls, and in between dances you can wander about on the battlements, or visit a subterranean lake below. Beware of pretty "American" girls, of Yugoslav extraction, who hang about the big hotels: they are often police spies.

* * *

I like sunshine and colour as much as the next man. I want to see Andalusia, and especially Granada. But, twenty years after the civil war, I still have personal doubts about the propriety of spending a holiday in Spain. I wonder how many others feel the same now. Each year I hear that X has just been there, or that Y has some friends who know a small place . . . or that Z has been arguing against going in a way that suggests he wants to be persuaded. I wish I knew what my real motives are. I know that by staying away I deprive Franco of a few pounds of foreign currency—but the desire to depress the trade balance doesn't keep me away from other countries where I dislike the government. I know, too, that staying away doesn't help the Republicans who are still in jail, or the peasants who are living on the starvation-line. So my reasons must be personal. To go, I presume, would be cynical. While I stay away, I can say that here I can still choose principle against self-interest. The stakes may not be very high, but at least that choice exists. One day, perhaps, I may change my mind. But if I do, it will simply be because I want to see Spain—which is, I know, one of the loveliest of places. What makes me angry is the visitor to Spain who rationalises his doubts by phoney talk about "seeing the facts for oneself."

* * *

Most people don't have political doubts when they travel. They just go. And it's true that if you limit yourself to places that have governments you like and living standards that are tolerable, you will soon run out of new countries to visit. I realise that the arguments I use against visiting Spain could well be used by a Tory about Yugoslavia or a Catholic about Northern Ireland. Yet few of us pack party cards with our passports. We worry about the trains, the beds and the food, not the jails, the police and the beggars. And what we pick up about the countries we visit may come in useful in later arguments, but we haven't gone for that—or if we have we are very foolish. No one, for instance, should take a trip to Russia or eastern Europe in the belief that this will teach him the truth about life under Communism. People should go for the vacation—these tours are well organised, and you can eat, sleep, rubberneck and sunbathe under a Communist sun as well as under capitalism.

GULLIVER

# Taxi to Galicia

GALICIA, they had told me, was a green country full of cows and lobsters and delicious wet-nurses. I went to the office of Spanish Railways in Tarragona and said "Galicia." "Go to Madrid first," said a beaming official, "then get another ticket." I hesitated a moment. Spanish Railways (RENFE) is seedy sort of trap, choking with smoke and sick with time. It is RENFE, not love or ghosts, which is the Spanish agony, ruining family life and blaspheming God in terrible tunnels. But I bought the ticket, and a few days later, tearing myself away from long idyllic sands, I landed in Madrid.

It was so hot there that you could fry an egg on the pavement, and many of the statues wore sun hats. Running with sweat, like a chip, I started to look for a ticket in the office of Spanish Railways. There was a queue of people who seemed to have been there since dawn; RENFE has at least taught the Spaniards patience, they can stand for ever, their faces like talking clocks, the hands stopped. When I reached the office they told me to go to the railway station. I took a taxi to the railway station; an official told me, with a great railway laugh, to return to RENFE. I returned next day and spent six hours in six queues. Everybody in Madrid was off to Galicia, and you had to have a code word, be a minister or a general or a blood relation to RENFE or bribe brilliantly. Hundreds were turned away, myself among them. We poured into travel agencies and airway offices. "In three weeks' time," said manicuring girls. I was trapped. I hadn't the money to wait. The RENFE spider had caught another fly.

The next day was even hotter. I was in the brick belly of Madrid, perhaps for ever. Why? Who was I? In the distance great white cows beckoned, lobsters waved, pink and pillowed wet-nurses called in the children from the dreamy rain. Why not jump into a taxi and say Galicia? But I didn't. I drank terrible stingy wine in the Via de Toledo, glass after glass, until the Coca-Cola advertisements were whispering in my ears. In one bar I met a man who told me to go to the fish market and jump in a lorry. "Or go by taxi," he said. I stumbled into the street and


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JOHN MURRAY

called a taxi. "Galicia," I said. "Where's that?" cried the driver. "Galicia!" I said. "Not in your state," he cried. "This isn't an ambulance." "The Fish Market," I lisped. "Fish?" shouted the taxi-driver, and off he drove.

The Fish Market is a huge area from where lorries go north, south, east and west. I never saw a single fish. I saw sand and bricks and iron and sheep and hens and easy women. There were four or five transport cafés and men playing cards and unmarried drivers fixing up a quick whoring to unflex their eye muscles. It was a good area. There were the drivers and their mates, solid men, and the proprietors with diamond rings. One of the latter said he would find me a lorry.

"But it may be hours," he said. "I'll get you a tart." He went outside the café and whistled at someone. "Come and be nice to Dad," he said. I went off to get my baggage and returned to the Fish Market, and hung about, drinking. The proprietor had disappeared; he was Andalusian. Andalusians like to shimmer in your eyes and disappear. At about midnight a boy appeared and picked up my baggage. It was dreamlike and had the strange precision of a dream. "Where are we going?" I said. "To the lorry," he said. "Follow me." We walked quite a long way in the dark. The lights were flickering out and now I could smell the fish in the cool breeze. Layers and centuries of fish. The lorry was on a street corner. "Climb up," said the boy. I climbed up and saw a dark object. It took up most of the lorry. "What's this?" I cried. "A taxi," shouted the boy. He handed up the luggage, I gave him some money and I opened the taxi door. I could hear a man snoring. I crept inside and slid into a corner and fell asleep.

When I woke up the world was bumping against my bottom and hitting me on the head. Travel in a taxi by all means, but not in a taxi on a lorry. The moon flitted in and out of the window and I could see the man who was snoring. He was thin and his head seemed enormous, swivelling on his chest. In the other corner there was a girl clasped in a man's arms. Somehow or other we slept and woke and slept. Then it was dawn. A few hours later we stopped at a bar and drank coffee. There were just the four of us. The driver and his two mates kept themselves apart, like ship's officers carrying trash in the steerage. "It's bad for my gallstones," remarked the man with the large head. "I had an operation after I was bitten by one of the bears." "One of the bears?" I said. I was still spinning like a top. "I trained them," he said, "in a circus. Now I'm going to Vigo. I'm not long for this world." "I'm sorry," I said. "The taxi will finish me off," he said. "I'd rather have a bad bear than a bad taxi." "Do you live in Vigo?" I asked. "No. I'm going to South America." So were the couple. The girl was crying and it made her look very pretty. "Don't mind us," said the bear trainer. "No," I said. The girl looked about sixteen, or perhaps it was the tears.

We climbed back into the taxi, but only just in time, because the driver didn't care if we were in it or overboard. We had another snack farther on, and in the afternoon we passed a beautiful mysterious park with brilliant flowers and feathery trees. I shall never see it again; I have forgotten the name; one never actually stops there. We came into wooded country, and then there was a crash and the lorry was half-way up a bank. The driver jumped out with a venomous face and his mates jumped out. They examined the wheels and the engine and then brought out saws and hammers and an axe. "Come on," he shouted to us. "We've got to bring down the taxi." The girl sat down away among some ferns for a good cry and we hacked at branches and tree trunks and, after an hour's work, the taxi was on the road. The driver was bleeding. It took another half an hour to crank up the taxi, and then it shuddered and spat like a mad mule.

"In you get," said the driver. "I've got to find a garage." He drove off and after about ten miles we came to a town. There was a long procession moving down the street, black as an old frying pan, and there were drums and chants and a last gasp of brass. "Listen, man," shouted the driver to a Civil Guard, "where's a garage open?" "None are open," said the guard. "The Mayor died last night," and crossed himself. "The Mayor," cried the driver. "The Mayor," repeated the Civil Guard. "Nothing is open during the course of the funeral. He was Mayor of this town for 45 years. It is like one's father." "To hell with the Mayor!" cried the driver. "Careful what you say," said the Civil Guard in a metal voice: "you are not talking to a Galician." "More the pity," shouted the driver. "You're a pig. You are all pigs." "You're under arrest," shouted the Guard, taking out a revolver. He looked as if he was going to shoot. Behind us the sexless voices of a choir lapped the evening air. The girl was sobbing. I jumped out of the taxi and crept between the obsessed faces of the mourners, between their love and their local fear and made for the station. Lobsters were on my mind.

"Anywhere in Galicia," I said to the man in the ticket office. "No train for a fortnight," he said, slamming the little door.

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# Novels English and American

THE trouble is, as has so often been pointed out where Anglo-American relations are concerned, the common language. English and American fiction ought to resemble each other, at any rate to a greater degree than anyone expects either to resemble French or Russian fiction: they are both written in English, aren't they? If they were not, then no one would ever dream of using the one as a means of checking the health of the other; which is what Professor McCormick in effect does in *Catastrophe and Imagination**. His book raises the problem of whether there can be much meaning, except in the broadest terms, in any comparisons between English and American novels. If we make them, shall we not find in the end that we are making, not literary judgments, but pronouncements about national differences?

Professor McCormick is, of course, aware of the difficulty. He is a scholar and a fan: he has, he tells us in his foreword, "been reading novels for the past twenty-five years, or roughly since age twelve," and that alone would make my heart warm to him. The best pages of his book are where he is differentiating between English and American novels. He sees very well how English fiction is rooted in the English class system and he notes that "the Welfare State has enriched the novelist's materials by setting up one more source of tension between new and traditional patterns of existence." On the double nature of naturalism in American fiction he is first-rate. He shows how, behind the naturalism that was imported as a literary dogma from France and is still so potent for American novelists, there lies an older, native naturalism, stemming out of a reverence for the fact, the object, and receiving its first great expression as a creed in Emerson's lecture *Nature*. It was, as Professor McCormick reminds us, one of the basic documents of transcendentalism; and he quotes the relevant passage:

1. Words are signs of natural facts.
2. Particular natural facts are symbols of particular spiritual facts.
3. Nature is a symbol of spirit.

He shows that this "concern for innate reality behind exterior form" has been a constant in American prose from Bartram to Hemingway. This is excellent, but it is a pity that, having made the point, he does not go on to indicate the relation between naturalism of this kind and the symbolism that seems also to be a constant in the American novel, one that further distinguishes it from the English.

For the English reader, much of the value of Professor McCormick's book must come from the fact that he writes all the time as an American. He is seeing English fiction from the outside. He notes, for instance, the oppressive nature of their great forbears on contemporary English novelists. Certain kinds of character, simply because they are the kinds they are, seem to invoke a Dickensian treatment; he finds both Joyce Cary and V. S. Pritchett, in *Mr. Beluncle*, escaping into Dickens. On specific English writers his judgments seem more dubious; certainly they call for much more evidence to support them. And he is a great chaser of influences. The notion that *The End of the Affair* is an example "of remote derivation from Kafka" might well provoke another of Graham Greene's letters to *The Times*; and I suspect L. P. Hartley will be interested to know that he is "still another of Firbank's more remote imitators." How remote can one get? Professor McCormick is temperamental in the way that his Oxford examiners found Mr. Robert Graves: he prefers some authors to others.

> Kafka's work is slight and unfinished. . . . A Poesque nightmare atmosphere and an occasional gift for comedy, together with an unusually uncomplicated, direct German style, are Kafka's total stock-in-trade.

Wyndham Lewis—and this will surprise him—is "an amateur Kafka," "is like a man playing bad tennis in the twilight." "Lawrence's novels"—Cambridge papers please copy—

> are not novels, but tracts, editorials, and the ravings of an unpleasant mind. Once separate from his image all the biographical nonsense and little more than sociological curiosities remain.
>
> The low point in the recent English novel of society has been reached by writers aware of the social challenge but truculently resistant to experiment: C. P. Snow's attempt to revive the *roman-fleuve;* William Cooper's relentlessly minor *Scenes from Provincial Life*. . . .

Contemporary English writing, the practice of fiction and our attitudes towards it, Professor McCormick finds drenched in what he calls Cyrillism: "a mixture of scornful sentimentality, repressed intellectual cleverness, flippancy, and subtle, complicated snobberies." His admirations? At one point, he lists a number of novels, from England and the United States, that "might still be read a century from now." They include *The Great Gatsby*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Sound and the Fury* and *Light in August*, Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*, *A Passage to India*, *The Aerodrome*, Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano*, Anthony West's *One Dark Night*, Rosamond Lehmann's *The Echoing Grove* and P. H. Newby's *The Retreat*.

All this is merely to show that Professor McCormick is a provocative critic who knows his own mind; and it is only fair to say that he swinges contemporary American fiction as lustily as he does English. It does not make him happy to see "Peter Taylor, Truman Capote and Eudora Welty take over the traditional English mannerism, writing with taste and sensibility of children, madmen and homosexuals; Americans produce their own Francis Kings and C. H. B. Kitchins, and call their work important literature."

*Catastrophe and Imagination* is perhaps an explosion rather than a book. Certainly it seems to me to dodge the real issue, which is the nature of the relationship between English and American fiction. It is all very well to discuss the contemporary novelist's achievement in facing, enduring and interpreting catastrophe, to say, as Professor McCormick does in his final peroration:

> The important element is the art itself; that writers and their critics know the challenge of the past, that they remain humane as well as human in perceiving the present, so that in their work this indispensable, still-developing form be increased, not as fat increases in a glutton's belly, but as muscle and sinew are renewed in the ever-young flesh of art. . . .

But it cannot be assumed that English and American novelists will interpret catastrophe, express their sense of the complex present, in the same way. They could do so only if their context of experience were the same. Professor McCormick notes that English novelists have been repelled by the theme of violence. If this is true it may be explained by so simple a fact that English life, by comparison with American, is not violent. Professor Rideout's *The Radical Novel in the United States, 1900-1954*†, illustrates this. We had our proletarian novels in the Thirties, and God knows the depression that brought them into existence was real enough; but how tame were *Love on the Dole*, *Means Test Man*, *The Back-to-Backs* and the rest compared with Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty* or Farrell's Studs Lonigan novels. If they had not been tame they would have been a falsification of experience; if they failed as art it may be because passive suffering is no more adequate a theme for fiction than it is for poetry. To have novels like *The Land of Plenty* it is necessary for a country to have a record of industrial violence such as is epitomised in strike-breaking with guns and tear-gas.

But the gulf between the two fictions goes much deeper than this. If one sets them side by side since the beginning of the last century, when the American novel came to maturity in Cooper, one must surely be struck by the lack of similarity between them. If there is no American Dickens there is equally no English Hawthorne or Melville; indeed, at no point in time is it easy to find English and American novelists between whom real parallels may be made. Perhaps Dreiser and Bennett come closest. They were almost coeval; they shared the same philosophy and the same aesthetic. Yet how great the difference between them! Bennett was not a stylist but he wrote a good plain prose, at times memorable: Dreiser wrote as though the only book existing in the English language was the dictionary. Moreover, though their subject-matter was roughly comparable, Dreiser called his best novel *An American Tragedy*, implying that the story he was recounting was somehow of America, of the stuff of America, as I think Bennett would not have maintained that the story of *The Old Wives' Tale* was essentially either of the Potteries or of England.

Dreiser was an extreme instance, but because of that an almost perfect example of two abiding characteristics of American fiction. The first is what Professor McCormick calls "the American writer's paradox of traditionless tradition," "a

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* *Catastrophe and Imagination: an Interpretation of the Recent English and American Novel.* By JOHN MCCORMICK. *Longmans.* 25s.

† *The Radical Novel in the United States, 1900-1954.* By WALTER B. RIDEOUT. OXFORD: HARVARD. 48s.

notion akin to Mr. Auden's idea that "every American poet feels that the whole responsibility for contemporary poetry has fallen upon his shoulders"; so that he is committed, as it were, to a fresh start. The other is one of theme, which is broadly the investigation of the nature of specifically *American* experience, the American being seen as a new type of man, a special creation, the result of unique experience. In Dreiser's case, as with the muck-raking novelists and the radical novelists generally, the investigation is into the reality of American life as contrasted with the large, noble and vague promises of the American dream. This investigation into what it means to be an American runs throughout American fiction. It is the major theme in Henry James. The power of *The Great Gatsby* lies largely in the realisation we have at the end of the book that Gatsby is in some way a symbol of native American romanticism with its faith in "the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us." And what is Faulkner's great subject unless it is the complex fate of being an American of the defeated and unforgiving South?

The nature of American history has forced upon the American novelist a conception of himself and his art utterly different from any normally held by the English writer. Traditionally, the English writer has been able to take his Englishness for granted. But this in itself suggests the value American fiction may have for English novelists. Perhaps we have reached a point in our history when it is no longer enough to take our Englishness for granted. Perhaps we need to take a fresh look at it, critically and self-consciously. If we do so in terms of the novel we shall find ourselves behaving as American novelists have done for the past hundred years.

WALTER ALLEN

## A Pleasant Walk

This sudden wintry country sun
Reminds me of a walk I used to take:
Though that was far away, and in Japan
A road's the only thing they cannot make.

This was an altogether special case,
A noble promenade called Midosuji:
Contained by banks and trees, it was a place
As sacrosanct though better kept than Fuji.

Pavements ever shining, an air that never stank,
I loitered past the Mercantile, Dai-Ichi Ginko,
Sanwa, Chase National and Netherlands Handelsbank,
Under the spreading silver of the princely gingko.

That was a healthy and a pleasing walk:
No beggar cursed the view and no one ever spat
Before the Nippon Kangyo or National City of New York.
High commerce civilizes, there is no doubt of that.

Preserve me from the brutal village sunk in slush;
Allow me Midosuji, paved in gold from every nation.
Where no rejected kitten breaks the busy hush
Of the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation.

This apparition of a wintry country sun
Reminds me of the walk that now I lack—
Near by the Yodo River, as quiet as any nun,
Where grill and guichet hold the violent city back.

D. J. ENRIGHT

## Doubly Discreet

**The Turn of the Tide: The Alanbrooke Diaries.** By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Collins.* 30*s.*

In *The Turn of the Tide*, Sir Arthur Bryant has attempted to do for Viscount Alanbrooke what Robert Sherwood did so superbly for Harry Hopkins in *The White House Papers*. It is a task enormously worth doing. For Alanbrooke's influence on the Prime Minister was at least as great as that exerted by Hopkins on the President. As Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff, he not only became the leading British strategist but took on the job of "managing Winston." In London, he tells us, he could never avoid seeing the Prime Minister for more than six hours on end; and when they travelled together to the Middle East, to Washington, to Teheran and to Moscow, the companionship was almost unbroken. No man is in a better position to balance the Churchill memoirs—with their highly personal selection from the secret evidence—by re-telling the same story from the point of view of the Service Chiefs.

Unfortunately, however, *The Turn of the Tide* is a book as disappointing as it is important. Indeed, in view of the immense promotion campaign with which it has been launched, it is only fair to warn the reader that it contains very little new information which has not already appeared in the extracts serialised in the *Sunday Times*.

There are, I think, two reasons for this disappointment. The first is the curious double process of censorship to which Alanbrooke's war diary has been subjected. This diary, Sir Arthur informs us, is

> probably the most important of all contemporary first-hand personal records of the war. . . . It was written in long-hand, usually last thing at night, but occasionally in some hurried interval of the day, to record, in brief outline, what he regarded as its chief events, military and personal.

Some years after the war Lord Alanbrooke was persuaded by the official biographer of the Royal Regiment of Artillery to write down his recollections. Again I quote Sir Arthur:

> When he reached the beginning of the Second World War, he unlocked the diaries to refresh his memory. And, as he copied extracts, he added notes of comment and amplification. . . . The diary and autobiographical notes together run to nearly a million words. For a variety of reasons only a fraction of them can be used at present. . . . Like most men, he had his *bêtes noires*, to whom, in the secrecy of his diary, he was probably unjust. . . . Such expressions of passing irritation pepper the pages of any frank diary. To print it in its entirety without them and those more numerous passages which, though not derogatory, might wound sensitive feelings, would be to rob it of so much vitality as to present it and its writer in a false light.

So far so good. I entirely agree that a censored version of this kind of diary must be a gross distortion. Yet a censored version is exactly what we have in *The Turn of the Tide*. I reckon that about a quarter of this book consists of quotations which have been censored first by Alanbrooke himself and then by Sir Arthur. The passages from the diary (in double quotation marks) are frequently amplified and amended by passages from the autobiographical reflections (in single quotes) and also by extracts from the diary of Sir Ian Jacob, who during the war was Military Secretary of the Cabinet. Finally the original material is strung together on Sir Arthur's text—a rather dull potted history of the war.

By what yardstick has Sir Arthur made this selection? We are never told. But I cannot help observing that, whereas all his spiteful comments on Lord Beaverbrook are omitted, we are given passage after passage of whining and moaning about Sir Winston. Here are two typical quotations, one from the diary and the other from the post-war reflections. The first refers to the Trident conference at Washington in May, 1943:

> At 4.45 p.m. we went to the White House. . . . The P.M. entirely repudiated the paper we had passed, agreed to, and been congratulated on at our last meeting. He wished to alter all the Mediterranean divisions. He had no idea of the difficulties we had been through, and just crashed in "where angels fear to tread." As a result he created a situation of suspicion in the American Chiefs that we had been behind their backs, and has made matters far more difficult for us in the future. There are times when he drives me to desperation. Now we are threatened by a redraft by him, and more difficulties tomorrow.

My second example—from the autobiographical notes—refers to the day when Sir Winston broke it to his C.I.G.S. at Quebec that Eisenhower, not he, was to command Overlord:

> It was a crushing blow to hear from him that he was now handing over this appointment to the Americans, and had in exchange received the agreement of the President to Mountbatten's appointment as Supreme Commander for South-East Asia. Not for one moment did he realise what this meant to me. He offered no sympathy, no regrets at having had to change his mind, and dealt with the matter as if it were one of minor importance.

The pained self-restraint of these words is all the more damning because they are second thoughts, put down years later and selected by Sir Arthur Bryant as a comment "which will not wound sensitive feelings." Are there pages of far harsher criticism of Sir Winston, which have been suppressed? Or can it be that Sir Arthur has decided that, whereas lesser mortals must be spared, it is time that someone, acting on behalf of the Service Chiefs, deflated Sir Winston's wartime reputation? There is no way of discovering the answer to these questions. If this were an autobiography, we should know that it contained the considered judgment of Lord Alanbrooke. As it is, we are carefully prevented from learning whether he or Sir Arthur is responsible for the vindictive impression it creates.

How much wiser Mr. Sherwood was when he was given all the secret papers of Harry Hopkins! He read them through: he mastered them: and then, pushing them aside, he wrote, in his own words and on his own responsibility, the classic inside story of Roosevelt the politician and of Hopkins, his personal friend. If Sir Arthur had been capable of this kind of creative activity, we should have had a balanced picture of the relations between the Prime Minister and his Chief of Staff, which might have earned the title "The Whitehall Papers of Lord Alanbrooke."

I suspect that one cause of the trouble is the Official Secrets Act. In his memoirs, Sir Winston could afford to take the kind of liberties in the publication of secret material which are not open to either Lord Alanbrooke or Sir Arthur. That may be the reason why this book adds so little to what we had learnt already from Sir Winston, from *The White House Papers* and from the memoirs of King, Leahy, Arnold and Eisenhower. Many of the diary passages, indeed, merely describe a great deal less vividly scenes in Washington, Cairo and Moscow already described by Sir Winston. In order to test the value of *The Turn of the Tide* as a source, I analysed its account of an episode of which I myself have some knowledge, the fall of Mussolini. Neither *The White House Papers* nor the Churchill memoirs deal frankly with this topic—for fairly obvious reasons. Who was it who insisted at Casablanca that the formula of Unconditional Surrender must apply to the Italians as well as to the Germans? Who refused Badoglio's first secret offer to change sides, which was made *before* the Sicilian landings? Why was it that, after the fall of Mussolini, Washington and London spent six days quarrelling? Why, after that, did they insist that they could not accept the Italians except on terms of Unconditional Surrender? Here is a topic on which Lord Alanbrooke could have enlightened us. But on this, as on so much else, Sir Arthur remains dull and evasive. Sealed lips on the many questions which are still unanswered about Anglo-American strategy, combined with a leaky trickle of spiteful trivia about personalities, is an ignoble formula for a book which sets out to express the views of our greatest General of World War Two.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# Fed-up at Fonthill

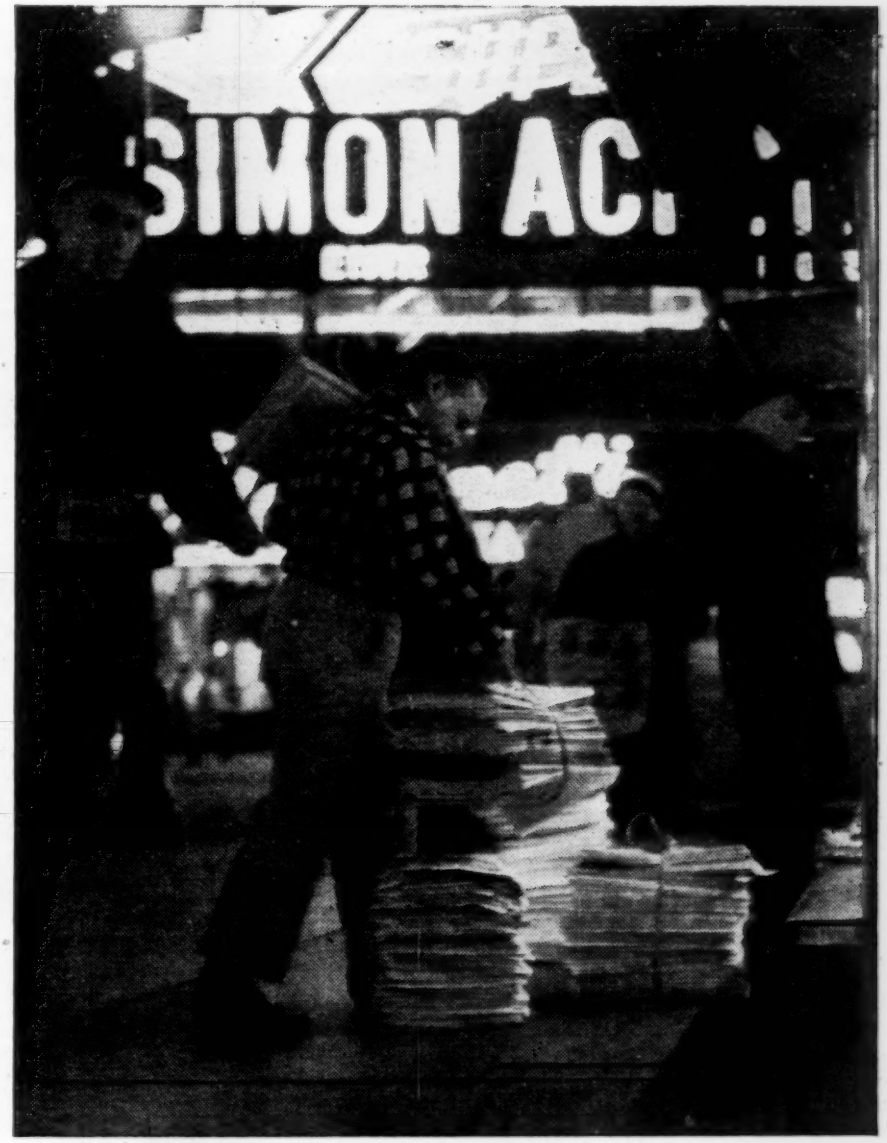
**Life at Fonthill, 1807-1822.** From the Correspondence of WILLIAM BECKFORD, translated and edited by BOYD ALEXANDER. *Hart-Davis.* 35s.

As a human being, Beckford clearly belongs with the great English eccentrics, travellers and folly-builders. As a writer it is difficult to say what tradition he belongs to. The *Vathek* which has its place in Eng. Lit. is a pirated translation by the Rev. Samuel Henley, an usher at Harrow. Almost the whole of Beckford's "creative" writing (there are seven other tales, of which only three have been published under the title *The Episodes of Vathek*, Beckford's own way of referring to them but grossly misleading as to their length and importance) was done in French, so that there is quite a good case for regarding him as a French writer, not an English one (as, for instance, Stuart Merrill and Julien Green are regarded as French writers or Hilaire Belloc as an English one). Apart from a few (in French) to the 10th Duke and even to the Duchess, his younger daughter Susan, the letters in this latest release from the Hamilton papers were written in Italian to Gregorio Franchi.

Even in England and among Beckford's admirers, there seems some doubt whether we are to regard him as a figure in literary or in architectural and art-collecting history (or, for that matter, in homosexual mythology, which is euhemeristic). If I were to quarrel with Mr. Alexander's editorship of this book it would be over the fact that Mr. Alexander's own scholarship and personal interest seem to lie rather in the architectural, picture-dealer's field than in the literary. That, however, would be a barren dispute. Perhaps the amateur of spacious ages should be allowed to claim English Beckford, while, as a writer, Beckford is admitted to be French. I must say I wish it was the other way round. It is Beckford the writer who seems to me to count, at any rate if we are allowed to claim as facets of Beckford the writer those elements of his humanity which found expression in his writing alone. We may wish we could afford to indulge our manias on Beckford's scale, but all hobbies are much alike, and few of us are prepared to take much interest in an ace stamp-collector of disturbing habits.

These letters cover Beckford's most architectural, most humanly displeasing, least imaginatively productive and saddest years. This is the Fonthill period. In 1807, Beckford moved into the Abbey. In 1822, he sold it. The price of sugar fell. The Napoleonic wars precluded European travel, so that even noblemen found it difficult to flee the country. Members of the lower orders were hanged for sodomy. There is a dreadful story of a pathetic waiter so hanged. The Bishop of Clogher is arrested. Beckford sends Franchi pimping for soldiers and circus performers, but for the most part flirts with his own manservants. He drives his elder daughter to an early death because she married without exalting his pedigree. He rides. He tells lies. He buys and sells. He fancies himself ruined in health and pocket. His spirits lift twice. Between Elba and St. Helena the price of sugar goes up and Beckford to Paris. When he sells Fonthill there is a great sense of release (on which note Mr. Alexander cunningly ends the book).

That is a final impression. The letters themselves are not dreary. Even when he wrote to little purpose Beckford wrote well (and Mr. Alexander's translation reads beautifully). Fonthill rising by torchlight, Waterloo and Peterloo offstage, the family fussed about the 10th Duke's affair with Pauline Bonaparte, Samuel Rogers cruelly portrayed, the music of Beethoven dismissed as "crude, harsh and presumptuous" . . . there is no lack of matter. Only the magical fabulist sulks and refuses to write. Constitution and resilience have not kept the spoilt young man from middle age. He reaches fifty, sixty. Well-connected young women no longer write to him

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from Paris or Naples expressing their desire to find themselves panting upon his breast, it having long been understood that that is not what Mr. Beckford considers his breast to be for. He dreams of "fair boys and dark jade vases." "Some people," he says, "drink to forget their unhappiness. I do not drink, I build." He confronts, and does not confront, "the disagreeableness and anguish of my insipid and lugubrious existence." When the Government changes he hopes once more for a barony. Yet, after the sale of Fonthill, he still had twenty-one years to live. And he wrote no more stories.

There are *Zeitgeist* excuses for Beckford. Those who like to dwell on the eighteenth century presumably imagine themselves at the centre of all the elegance and wit. Our finely graduated and vast middle class cushions and enmeshes innumerable awkward situations and ambitions. After the French Revolution (or rather after the Terror, which is not quite the same thing) the world narrowed for a man as rich as Beckford, even had he been less petulant. In disgrace and barred by the Whig aristocracy, there was no available second-best, no refuge, no alternative station of life to which he could persuade himself he was called. The tough climbers only wanted what he had already. The good writers had been born in circumstances which made them endure their sycophancy. Finally, Napoleon bolted the door. A saint could have managed. A more serious writer might have managed. Beckford admired Rousseau, but learned nothing from him. He might have learnt the art of interior exile. If, at Fonthill, he had sat down at one of those splendid tables and attempted a true confrontation of his own life, we might have had a great work of introspection. If he had done it in French, and if the papers had not been pushed away into family files, we might at least have claimed a Chateaubriand. But Beckford was not even truly inquisitive. He had funked his trip to Jamaica. He never set out on the road to Persepolis. The ebony portals were those of his nursery.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

## Bel Paese

**Rome.** By LEONARD VON MATT. *Barmerlea Book Sales.* 16s. 6d.

**Italian Art, Life, and Landscape.** By BERNARD WALL. *Heinemann.* 21s.

**Grand Tour of Italy.** By ERIC and BARBARA WHELPTON. *Hale.* 18s.

**Italy.** By GERARDO ZAMPAGLIONE. *Benn.* 30s.

**The Italian Journal of Samuel Rogers.** Edited by J. R. HALE. *Faber.* 42s.

**Out of Season.** By SPIKE HUGHES. *Hale.* 15s.

**Easter in Sicily.** By HERBERT KUBLY. *Gollancz.* 18s.

Here are seven books to help you through the English winter and into your Italian holiday plans for 1957. Five of them are illustrated; two contain maps; two suggest itineraries; and one has a large section of practical data on train-times, hotels, and menus, most of it reliable.

First, to whet your appetite, a small picture-book in the *Panorama* series put out by Wilhelm Andermann of Munich. This might be the birthday gift for an immovable great-aunt in Leamington who sees no point in your holiday trips to Rome. Leonard von Matt's fine photographs pick out the splendours of the city in colours a little too clean and Nordic for my liking: they seem to miss the peeling brown-gold warmth I remember. But they avoid, very skilfully, the views that fame has made banal, while leaving a true enough impression of Rome's beauty and riches. The Introduction, by Gertrud von le Fort, is an unhappy piece of translated gush ("An unbroken line of enthusiastic renovation runs from the Renaissance to present times..."); but the Notes, by George Popoff, are simple and useful.

Mr. Wall's *Italian Art, Life, and Landscape* also contains some attractive and unhackneyed photographs, this time in black-and-white, mostly from the Camera Press. Its author, a longtime Italophile and resident in Rome, writes affectionately and a little capriciously of his favourite towns and regions, spicing his animated guide-book with many stories, quotations, and reflections from his knowledge of Italy's art, history, and literature. This, in fact, is a good bed book for a leisurely car tour of the country. Most of it was written a year or two ago, and its account of Trieste notably needs revision; otherwise it seemed, where I could check it, lively, apt, and true. The three chapters on Modern, Classical, and Catholic Rome are a triumph of learned impressionism.

The Whelptons' *Grand Tour of Italy*, if not the poor man's, is certainly the dull man's Bernard Wall. All the illustrations, dazzling but mostly familiar, come from the Italian State Tourist Office; the prose, mingling Baedeker with half-hearted old-handery, is made to match. Where the book scores, on the other hand, is in its comprehensiveness, its map and its wealth of practical detail. While Mr. Wall will tell you two ways of expressing doubt in Roman gestures, Mr. and Mrs. Whelpton will tell you how much to tip, how many spools of film you can import duty-free, and the cost of hiring a pillow on the train.

Signor Zampaglione's *Italy*, by contrast, is quite a useful corrective to the viewpoint of the æsthete or the tourist. Here, in 278 pages (with map, no illustrations) is a potted history of Italy since the Risorgimento, written by the present Italian Consul in Stuttgart. A little under half the book is devoted to Italian affairs since 1945, giving a *benpensante*, semi-official view of such topics as post-war reconstruction, land reform, and the problem of the south. Particular bias appears in the sections on land reform (emphasising smallholdings at the expense of collectives) and European unity (proposing that a political community should precede economic integration). But within its limits of brevity and discretion, this is a handy guide for the tourist who wants to see Italy as more than a playground or an ever-populated museum.

For Samuel Rogers and similar Grand Tourists, Italy was indeed just that. In Rogers's *Italian Journal* (1814-1821), brought to light and edited by Mr. Hale, politics appear scarcely at all, save as an occasional irritating irrelevancy. The *Journal* became the basis for *Italy*, Rogers's best-known poem, which it often anticipates; but too much of it consists of that humdrum recital of stock reactions so familiar in Great Men's memoirs. Just as, today, we scan our surroundings and exclaim "How like a Cézanne! (Guttuso, Munnings, Grandma Moses)," so Rogers was perpetually seeing nature through the eyes of Virgil or Poussin. In his gay and absorbing Introduction, occupying nearly half the book, Mr. Hale describes the preparations that Rogers and others like him made for their tour of Italy; with so much predigested erudition, no wonder their reactions were stereotyped. The Introduction, indeed, far outshines what it introduces: among other things, it explains in detail the puzzlingly various means of contemporary travel, and customs formalities that make Dover and New York look like Liberty Hall. The illustrations, from drawings and engravings, are suitably picturesque.

Mr. Spike Hughes might be described, unkindly, as a latter-day Samuel Rogers. His *Out of Season* is a thin collection of travel jottings, the crumbs remaining after the Grand Tour on which he based his survey of *Great Opera Houses*. His book too contains pleasant photographs, some of them from official Italian sources, and it's easy to read—a literary soufflé that sinks without trace. He has some good advice to offer on modest hotels in Venice and *trattorie* in several leading cities: but his sandwich-lunches, half-eaten bars of chocolate, and arguments with restaurant managers seemed rather less worthy of print.

Mr. Herbert Kubly, as anyone will know who has read *Stranger in Italy*, is very much better at the same sort of book. *Easter in Sicily* is a

kind of Sicilian postscript to its predecessor—just as voraciously readable, just as right-minded, just as agog. Now and then, Mr. Kubly breaks off for a spot of history or carefully written description: but at his best he's an unashamed tourist, fascinated by what he hears, amused by his fellow-passengers, helplessly distressed by the sight of poverty. Splendidly American in the best sense, he rattles on about sex-life in Taormina, snobbish landladies in Catania, exhausting Easter processions, drunken American sailors, corner-boys, peasants, English spinsters, the family of Giuliano. He talks to everyone, and everyone talks to him; nobody steals his wallet. A formidable travelling companion: but, even without a map or illustrations, his book is easily the most colourful of the lot.

RICHARD MAYNE

## Torpedoed

**The Last Voyage of the Lusitania.** By A. A. HOEHLING AND MARY HOEHLING. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

For Frank Tower, one of the crew of the *Lusitania*, it was becoming a matter of habit. When he went over the side on the afternoon of May 7, 1915, it was his third escape: he had survived the sinking of the *Titanic* and the *Empress of Ireland*, when more than a thousand had gone to their deaths. I would have liked to talk to Mr. Tower. It is possible that he may have had some sharp comments to make about safety precautions on large liners, about the method of marshalling passengers and crew, and the technique of launching boats from a listing ship. For despite the improvements that had been made after the *Titanic* disaster—at least the *Lusitania's* boats had been swung out as she entered the war zone, and some effort had been made to close watertight bulkheads—the story is essentially the same. There was time to get many more of the crew and the passengers away, and the ship was sinking in daylight in a calm sea within sight of shore: yet there was incompetence, confusion, panic and the same reluctance to believe that an "unsinkable" ship would really go down.

There is an even closer resemblance between the two disasters. The captain of the *Titanic* ignored the dangers of the icefield into which he was steaming at full speed; he had to make a record crossing in order to fight the fierce competition for passengers on the Atlantic run. Captain Turner, of the *Lusitania*, steamed into a sea area infested with submarines, in which other ships had been sunk that morning, and proceeded to take a straight course for forty minutes in order to get a bearing—because he did not know where he was. Yet Captain Turner had been warned. At 7.50 a radio message had told him that German submarines were operating off the Irish coast. At 11.25, he had received an even more specific message which warned the *Lusitania* by name. The warnings were useless to him because this captain of a 32,000-ton liner, after 50 years at sea, could not identify his landfall at 11 a.m. He thought the submarines lay behind him. Nor could he identify the next headland, and when he picked up the Head of Kinsale at 1.40 p.m., he had to make a bearing run on the Head to be sure where he was. He thus ignored Admiralty instructions to zig-zag in dangerous waters, and ran slap into a torpedo fired by the U-20. He did not even have the extra turn of speed that might have helped him. His ship was running full out, but only 19 of its boilers were working and its top speed was therefore about six knots below its design maximum. These boilers were out of use because the Atlantic run was not paying its way in wartime and the Cunard company had reduced the crew as an economy measure.

It is almost impossible to tell from this otherwise quite detailed account of the *Lusitania's* last moments what Captain Turner and the other senior officers were doing after the boat was struck

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HEINEMANN

—except for odd glimpses of them. And this is an odd omission for authors who apparently have such exact information available to them that they can recount the dialogue and the personal impressions of many of the passengers. It is odder still, since Captain Turner survived this and another torpedoing, and lived for another twenty years in which to tell his tale. The loss of his ship was an accident of war. But, as its captain and the representative of the company, he must be held responsible for the breakdown of discipline on the *Lusitania*. It seems that he had done nothing to familiarise the passengers or the crew with their boat stations or with the clearing of the boats. His officers do not seem to have ensured that the passengers knew how to fasten their lifebelts, nor had they made sure that the portholes were closed, though the *Lusitania* was steaming out of fog into an area infested by submarines. All this may be explained by the careless complacency of an age which war had not yet tutored into the grim routines of survival. Even the emergency does not explain why, as in the *Titanic* disaster, there was no systematic or efficient effort by either officers or crew to get the boats away in time.

In all of this there were the human tragedies, of which the authors naturally make the most they can. I am more concerned with the lessons of such disasters, because the *Andrea Doria* affair shows that things can still go badly wrong. Are the safety rules for such crowded sea lanes as the North Atlantic adequate? Are they observed? Are the methods of taking off passengers and crew really any different from those which failed 40 years ago? And has any progress been made in launching boats or other life-saving equipment from a badly listing ship? I suspect that the honest answer would be no. It is true that there has been some headway in ship construction, and that radar reduces the risk of collision. But life-saving at sea still seems a matter of luck, and the luck sometimes runs out.

NORMAN MACKENZIE


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COLLINS


# The Struggle For Brazil

**The Dutch in Brazil, 1624-1654.** By C. R. BOXER. *Oxford.* 42*s.*

It is sometimes supposed, in England, that the Spanish colonial empire was first undermined by Elizabethan England. The supposition is quite untrue. As Professor Boxer observes (with a deflationary comment on "the hot air generated nowadays about the New Elizabethan Age"), "in the year 1600 not an inch of colonial territory had been wrested from Spanish and Portuguese control, and the Iberian empire still girdled the globe from Macao in China to Callao in Peru." The economic and naval conquest of that empire was the work not of the English but of the Dutch, and it was achieved in the first half of the 17th century, while England and Spain were at peace with each other. It was only after Dutch power had begun to decline that England inherited its supremacy on the oceans.

Nevertheless, in their half-century of marine triumphs, the Dutch sustained one remarkable reverse. Having captured both Pernambuco, the richest province of the great sugar-producing colony of Brazil, and Angola, the essential supply of slave-labour for its sugar-mills, they then, at the height of their power, lost them both to Portugal; and this at a time when Portugal, a far weaker country, was still fighting for its independence in Europe, had been humbled by the English Republic, and was quite unable to face open hostilities with Holland, the undisputed mistress of the seas. This is an extraordinary fact which requires explanation and deserves research. Professor Boxer has already devoted considerable research to it. His previous book, *Salvador de Sà and the Struggle for Brazil and Angola*, shed a good deal of light on the problem; but that light came through a somewhat curiously constructed frame. This new book, just as scholarly, just as well-written, is more squarely built, and sheds its light directly on the central problem.

The facts can be simply stated. The idea of penetrating the Portuguese colony of Brazil, whose rich tropical products were sufficient of themselves to sustain the kingdom of Portugal, had been entertained by Dutchmen before the peace of 1609; it was put into practice after the renewal of war in 1621. A West India Company was founded for the purpose, and after a temporary occupation of Bahia in 1624, Recife in Pernambuco was captured in 1630. To complete this new economic empire Angola was captured in 1641. Meanwhile Portugal had revolted from Spain, and in 1641 a truce was made between the Dutch and the new, independent Portuguese Crown. Confident in the *status quo*, the Dutch recalled their governor, reduced their garrisons, and settled down to exploit their gains. By all the evidence it seemed that they had achieved a permanent, self-sufficient, lucrative empire in the South Atlantic.

Then came the unexpected developments. In 1645 the Portuguese settlers in Brazil revolted. At first the new and precarious house of Braganza, desperately in need of Dutch support in Europe, dared not avow its own rebels. But later, when the Dutch sought to secure their position by conquering the whole of Brazil, King John IV was stirred to action. He could acquiesce in the loss of Recife, but if Bahia went too, Portugal itself was doomed: for without the sugar trade of Brazil, all agreed, the Portuguese economy would collapse. So, while Salvador de Sà sailed to Africa and recaptured Angola in the nick of time, the famous Jesuit Antonio Vieira touted for Jewish capital to found, against the Dutch West India Company which had captured Pernambuco, a Portuguese Brazil Company to recover it. In the face of this sudden Portuguese energy, the Dutch showed surprising apathy; and in 1654, when the Brazil Company's new Armada joined the land forces besieging Recife, the Dutch garrison surrendered. By the time that the Dutch government was aroused to a spirit of revenge, Anglo-French diplomacy was roused to resist them, and Angola and Brazil, the slave trade and the sugar trade, were both preserved for Portugal.

What is the explanation of Dutch apathy? Professor Boxer argues that there was one simple and sufficient reason. The Dutch West India Company was Calvinist, Orangist and based on the province of Zeeland. But far more powerful in the government of the Netherlands was the Arminian, anti-Orangist city of Amsterdam; and Amsterdam had no interest in the forcible tenure of South American colonies. Amsterdam was interested in peaceful commerce and, particularly, in the Setubal salt trade which required peace with Portugal. In fact, the situation was very similar to that in England, where the City of London, interested in peaceful trade with Spain, regularly opposed the privateering ventures of the "West India interest." The constitution of the United Provinces allowed full play to this opposition between the West India Company and Amsterdam; and that, together with the far more pressing problems of Europe, is a sufficient explanation of the loss of Dutch Brazil. To Portugal Brazil was a necessity, no other issue was as important to it; to Holland, whose main interests were in the Baltic, the Brazilian adventure was a luxury, perhaps even a liability.

Did the Dutch then achieve nothing in Brazil? They may not have made it pay, but at least they achieved one brilliant reign. The government of John Maurice of Nassau provides Professor Boxer with his best chapter. This humanist prince, a lavish spender, a magnificent builder, a splendid patron of science and art, loved Brazil and, thanks to his enlightened and tolerant rule, was loved there. In seven years he achieved a remarkable success: they were the seven fat years, the golden age of the colony. When he left in 1644, he was regretted alike by Dutch and Portuguese, Jews and Indians. Only the intolerant Calvinist ministers were glad to see him go from Brazil. It is sad to report that their colleagues in Holland were equally sorry to see him arrive in The Hague. For on his arrival at the Mauritshuis, his splendid new home which he was now filling with exotic treasures, the ex-governor gave a party which included a floor-show by stark-naked Brazilian cannibals. "The dominies," we are told, "who had come to have a look with their wives, did not find this at all nice."

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

# In and Out the Abbey

**The Green Crow.** By SEAN O'CASEY. *W. H. Allen.* 21*s.*

**I Sometimes Think.** By LENNOX ROBINSON. *Talbot Press, Dublin.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Abbey Theatre was always the exception. Most of the little theatres that have made most of the theatre's history during this century were introverted. Even if they preached realism and social commitment, they were preoccupied with an idea of the theatre itself, a theory of writing, of production or of acting. The Abbey was extroverted: its audience saw to that. It was not the reflection of one personality. It had good actors but their "method" was that of the commercial theatre where many of them had been trained. It had as fine a roster of authors as have written for any theatre in this century but their aims were disparate, and Yeats, the most influential of them in the daily work of running the playhouse, was the least successful in identifying it with his own idea of the theatre as a place of ritual and magic. The Abbey as such might never have been important but that it appeared when Ireland was searching for her identity. It has declined as that search has lost direction, and what chiefly survives is the memory of famous first nights of fine plays about what has come to look like a backwater of history.

Sean O'Casey started writing when the history had been made and the time of second thoughts was at hand. It is not for an Englishman to criticise his decision, after his early work had

been written, that Ireland held no more for him. What one can say is that the exile has been disheartening. Though no living playwright writing in English is more widely admired, his recent plays have not succeeded with managements or public. Perhaps this book, a collection of essays mainly about the theatre, with four grim little stories thrown in, will help to explain it. O'Casey has a gift for sustained derision that is at first exhilarating, but since his chief enemies, Noel Coward, James Agate and the Irish critics are unworthy of it, it becomes exhausting. Similarly his enthusiasms, for Shakespeare and Shaw and for Life with a very large L and the fine girls and so on, hardly demand his unvarying pugnacity. He writes like an uprooted man who carries no tradition with him. The torrent of metaphor and the blarneying slap on the back that give such splendid farcical remoteness to his characters' speculations on the Universe are a lot harder to take from a critic. One wearies even, if only of assenting, for he simply has not found material of sufficient toughness to work on, which is another way of being remote from life.

Lennox Robinson is still in Dublin and I hope I may say without unfairness that he helps one to appreciate the difficulty of O'Casey's position. His short essays in reminiscence are charming enough but very mild. The great figures are all mentioned, Yeats, Shaw, Synge, Joyce and O'Casey himself, but it is all yesterday and the air now breathes a little stale. They are rather rambling, composed in short paragraphs that betray their origin in the columns of a Dublin newspaper and, despite the charm, one rather doubts whether they deserve the dignity of hard covers.

J. P. HENDERSON

# New Novels

**The Heroes of Clone.** By MARGARET KENNEDY. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

**The Comforters.** By MURIEL SPARK. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

**Good Relations.** By DEREK BARTON. *Michael Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

**Challenge to Venus.** By CHARLES MORGAN. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

Back at the Fiction Counter after a nice long reflective pause, I think I shall tap on it and remark that other forms of culture, supposedly more serious, do not often produce anything so well worth reading as *The Heroes of Clone*. For some reason I hadn't read any of Miss Kennedy's books since *The Constant Nymph*, and, considering how easy it would have been to go on writing *that* for a lifetime, I find this terse, ironical, entirely Fiftyish book most impressive. To say that Miss Kennedy's subject is still essentially the same is no insult, since it is one with several centuries' more meat in it: the battle between Real Art and Life, as illustrated by the contrast between Real Artists and Frauds. The story is entirely different. A crudish young man, trying to get on in films, is given work on a script about the life of an obscure Victorian poetess, a story which at first he finds boring and phoney. But by spotting the false notes in the accepted version he grows first inquisitive, then passionately excited over her life, since in it he sees reflected, and begins to understand, his own central problem. He, like her, is ruled by the need to be true to his talent, a need which neither can justify, and which is always in conflict with other more superficial but more clearly formulated desires. He, in fact, is always being drawn to make good films. She wrote poetry, wild fantastic poetry like that of the young Brontës, about a dreamland called Clone, and was bullied into giving it all up to write third-rate novels. She went under to intolerable pressure; he, as he comes to understand this, takes the first and crucial step towards determining not to.

This central subject seems to me one of enormous interest and highly contemporary; in the general chaos of present-day values the rigorous code which can be imposed merely by *being able* to practise a certain art or profession is a splendid piece of serious absurdity; a puzzle of enormous practical as well as theoretical consequence. I apologise for what is perhaps a German portentousness in drawing the moral at length; the treatment is also remarkable. The sections about the young man are, as I have said, crisply contemporary; they include some wildly funny sequences of pub-talk in counterpoint, one-speaker-one-theme, but all working towards the proper cadence; the characters are nicely varied and are not weighted to make the young man out at all exceptional, yet he is intelligent and individual, not that formless lump of plain-man dough which weighs down the centre of too many novels. The sections on the poetess seem to me less successful. Miss Kennedy clearly distrusts period dialogue, yet has to use it. The outlines of her story are clear enough and horribly convincing, but I didn't myself think the characters came to life in their talk as they should have done. To balance this, she has made a splendid job of the poems, unless they are actually lifted from some Victorian source, or acquired by planchette. And the diversity of the two converging themes makes it a most balanced and adult novel.

This brings me to *The Comforters*. My piece of general German reflection here is this. Now that witches, warlocks, spooks, etc., are sprouting from the page all round us and even invading the cinema, it gets easier to distinguish the authors who have actually enough in the bank to honour these extravagant cheques from those who are just trying it on. One's flesh no longer creeps from the mere *novelty* of the idea; it demands the genuine difference in quality which is apparent between the stories of, say, M. R. James and the ordinary ghost-trundler. Miss Spark, I should say, has enough in the bank, although she lays it out in a curious way which risks monotony. Her heroine is a girl who hears voices, and the voices are saying exactly what she has just been thinking, and they are preceded by the tapping of a typewriter, so that it seems she is only a character in somebody else's novel. I don't wish to read anything more frightening than this. Miss Spark writes clearly and imagines powerfully; the girl herself, with her cosy habitual mildly neurotic ways, is excellently drawn and the surrounding characters are real enough; the whole thing is genuinely sinister and genuinely funny. The monotony I mentioned comes in with the fact that nearly every major character is tremendously Catholic. This, though it somehow doesn't produce the repulsive smoothness and smugness common in Catholic novels, does limit the possibilities, and I have the impression of some really interesting picture reproduced by a colour-process which shades everything up towards dark blue. But it is certainly a fine first novel.

Derek Barton, as his blurb-writer surprisingly puts it, "strikes the flag of domestic revolt in South Kensington," which means he writes about a nice normal impoverished couple who are put-upon by their friends, children, employers, and, particularly, by their relatives who keep coming to stay. The Domestic Grievance Novel is far from being my cup of cocoa, but Mr. Barton is actually quite a witty writer and has taken the trouble to provide a plot. His crippling weakness is that he is far too sorry for his pair of mugs; nothing is allowed to be their fault; never for a moment are they to be treated lightly. If he could detach himself from them he could write a very gay book indeed; as it is, this is very good fun if you don't mind an undertone of whining. Mr. Morgan, unfortunately, is another author I have always been able to do without, and this book hasn't converted me. "I wouldn't mind his being stagy if he wasn't so arrogant; I wouldn't mind his being arrogant if he seemed to have anything to say. His theme this time is a love-affair between an Englishman and an Italian girl with lots of Italian back-drops.

MARY SCRUTTON

# Gramophone Records

I DARE say that many readers will heave an inward sigh when they hear of yet another batch of Tchaikovsky symphonies. But the performances of the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth that are now available on DGG are rather special, for they are played by the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra and are thus the first Russian recordings of the greatest Russian symphonist to be generally available in this country. I do most warmly commend them—and particularly to those for whom Tchaikovsky is synonymous merely with the uglier symptoms of adolescence—for these performances are authentic in style and in the main excellently recorded.

It so happens, however, that in the case of the *Symphonie Pathétique* the West can offer formidable competition in the shape of a magnificent account of the work by Pierre Monteux and the Boston Orchestra on HMV. Were it not for the simultaneous appearance of the Leningrad performance this disc would certainly be accounted a winner, and indeed on several points it scores over the Russians. The superb Boston woodwind makes its Leningrad rivals sound like a rustic band, and the brass is more incisive and better drilled. Monteux's reading of the first movement is extraordinarily coherent and his orchestra rips into the *allegro vivo* with staggering virtuosity; while in the second movement his rhythm and phrasing is tauter so that he gives a more dancelike quality to the music.

But in spite of this the Russians win. First their strings, aided by a rounder recording, offer a much more velvety quality of sound, and they melt, for instance, into the second subject of the first movement with lovely warmth and tenderness. Secondly, their conductor, Mravinsky, has the proportions of the work right. Where Monteux takes an almost Dvorákian approach to the first movement and reserves his emotional intensity for the finale, Mravinsky, in my view rightly,

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**Ian Watt**

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CHATTO AND WINDUS

is all *Sturm und Drang* in the opening, and gives the last movement a melancholy so abject that it can no longer raise its head to sob.

Competition in the Fifth Symphony is less severe and comes from a Decca recording of the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Solti. He gives a dashing account of the work, but at moments I sensed a certain sophisticated reticence as though he would wilfully lose its emotion in mere brilliance. And this sense of detachment is furthered by thin French strings and a lucid but cool recording. The balance of the DGG recording is much less good (the horn is placed for his solo in the second movement as though for a concerto), but it is at least warm. Unlike Solti, Mravinsky is emotionally committed up to the hilt and plays the music for all it is worth. Curiously enough this quality is at moments lacking in the Leningrad Orchestra's performance of the Fourth Symphony. Here they are conducted by Kurt Sanderling, who secures refined and brilliant playing but lacks some of the emotional wholeheartedness of Mravinsky. Sanderling also conducts the orchestra, again on DGG, in an eloquent performance of Rachmaninov's Second Symphony. The string playing is superb, the woodwind unequal, and once again the recording is opulent rather than lucid. Solti and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra offer on Decca a fresh, unaffected and well judged performance of Tchaikovsky's Little Russian Symphony. But this disc again suffers from the undernourished tone of French strings.

Were it not for Rubenstein an HMV disc containing both the Rachmaninov C minor and Liszt E flat piano concertos would be ruled out of court by disastrous orchestral recording. But the splendour of his playing goes far beyond mere virtuosity, of which there is here an abundance. By means of the most superbly controlled rubato he urges on the Rachmaninov so that it never declines into the tame melancholy that mars so many performances, yet somehow contrives never to do violence to its essentially lyrical spirit. And his phrasing of the opening of the slow movement of the Liszt marks a great pianist. When audible, Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra seem to contribute an urgent and exciting accompaniment to the Rachmaninov, but the same cannot be said for Wallenstein's feeble handling of the Liszt. On Columbia Emil Gilels, efficiently accompanied by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Cluytens, gives a brilliant if somewhat unlyrical performance of Rachmaninov's D minor Piano Concerto. Mention must also be made of a well-recorded Vox disc that introduces a remarkable young pianist called Alfred Brendel. He delivers Balakciev's *Islamey* and the piano suite from *Petrouchka* with all the required virtuosity. But in Moussorgsky's *Pictures from an Exhibition* he shows, in addition to technical brilliance and command of a really grand manner, considerable musical insight, notably in the handling of the great range of sonority that he draws from his instrument, and an incisive rhythmic sense.

A recording of Dvorák's Piano Concerto by Firkusny and the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell on a ten-inch Philips disc turns out to be a pleasant surprise. For in spite of a rather disappointing slow movement the work is packed with engaging music and is well worth the attention of those in search of another romantic concerto. Firkusny's playing is highly competent and Szell's accompaniment characteristically fresh and lively. The recording is a bit shrill and constricted, but knobs can render it tolerably clear. On a well-recorded HMV disc Tortelier gives a performance of the Cello Concerto that is distinguished by a fine sense of line and a lyrical manner that is at once warm and elegant. Under Sargent the Philharmonia contributes a polished but disappointingly cool accompaniment. The woodwind is immaculate and the horn solo in the opening movement is memorable. A jerky, uneven performance by Caspar Cassadó on Vox cannot really compete with this, in spite of rather warmer if less accomplished orchestral playing and the dubious additional attraction of a pedestrian account of Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme. On Columbia Schwarzkopf and Seefried have combined their formidable talents to give an utterly enchanting performance of Dvorák's *Moravian Duets*. This is backed by some fine and varied duets by Monteverdi and Carissimi, but here Schwarzkopf in particular indulges in some stylistically unsuitable vocal mannerisms. The record is not altogether comfortable and benefits from a sharp treble cut. On Mercury Rafael Kubelik and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra give a stirring account of the six symphonic poems that comprise Smetana's *Ma Vlast*. The woodwind playing is particularly fine and the recording, which might quite well have been fitted on to three instead of four sides, is of excellent quality.

David Oistrakh is the soloist in a Philips recording of Shostakovitch's new Violin Concerto, a work that here sounds less interesting than it did on the occasion of its first performance in London last year. Oistrakh's playing is brilliant, clean and just a little too resolutely sensible in approach. The accompaniment of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra sounds good, but is backward and lacking in clarity.

Ansermet has added yet another disc to his admirable series of Stravinsky recordings on Decca. His reading of the suite from *Pulcinella* lacks some of the dry wit and incisive bite of Stravinsky's own recording of the whole work. But Ansermet's rather French approach draws out all the music's grace and charm in a characteristically affectionate and subtle performance. This is backed by a delicate and admirably lucid account of that curious transitional work, the symphonic poem from *The Song of the Nightingale*. The recordings are excellent.

In recent months Decca have added Glinka's *A Life for the Tsar* (or *Ivan Susanin* as it is now called), Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Snow Maiden* to their series of Russian operas sung in the original language by the Belgrade Opera. None of these are really performances of the first order, for much of the singing is rough and untidy. But stylistically they impart a sense of authenticity, and they atone for lack of polish by sheer vigour and dramatic conviction. *Pique Dame* is certainly the best of the bunch, for the conductor, Kreshimir Baranovich, handles the score in a most convincing manner and communicates his sense of style to the cast. The result is a recording with a personality which is sometimes lacking in glossier productions.

*A Life for the Tsar* is, of course, the foundation stone of Russian opera, and a fascinating if uneven work it is. Miro Changalovich sings the role of Susanin with authority and feeling. The choral singing and orchestral playing is immensely lively in all three recordings, and the sound is well reproduced. But *The Snow Maiden* stretches over no fewer than ten sides, none of which lasts much more than twenty minutes. It is worth noting that Decca have issued, or in the case of *The Snow Maiden* are about to issue, libretti of these operas that contain the original Russian text, the same in western lettering and an English translation.

One of the fruits of competition in the field of gramophone records is that the smaller companies are forcing the pace by contriving to get up to half an hour's music on a single side. A recent example of this is Philips' new recording of Prokofiev's *The Love of the Three Oranges*, in which two hours of music is fitted on to two discs without noticeable deterioration of sound. On every count, this recording is a winner. The work itself is sheer enchantment throughout, and the performance of the Ljubljana Opera is simply bursting with zest and gusto. As in Decca's Belgrade recordings there is no really outstanding singing, but the general musical standard is somewhat higher and more polished.

PETER HEYWORTH

# Week-end Competition

## No. 1,408

**Set by Scythrop**

Match me this marvel, save in Eastern clime:
A rose-red city—half as old as Time!

run the famous lines on Petra. Competitors are invited to describe any modern city in not more than four lines of verse. Entries by March 5.


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(Publication delayed to February 28th to include new material)

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**K. Jelenski:** Destalinisation and European Security.
**Isaac Deutscher:** Russia in Transition.
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## Result of No. 1,405

**Set by L. Clarendon**

'And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.

said Shakespeare. Competitors are invited to compose a verse (not necessarily woeful, and in any metre), limit 14 lines, to the eyebrow of any well-known present-day figure.

**Report**

Miss Monroe's brow won, although she only led by a single hair from the P.M. and Aneurin Bevan, with Dr. Summerskill and Bertrand Russell close behind. Stanley J. Sharpless needed only a couplet for his Marilyn:

With two thin lines for eyebrows, you can't blame
My verse for having dwindled to the same.

Among tributes to other famous brows P. A. Wilkinson's sonnet to Sir John Gielgud would delight that great actor's fans, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer's Winston ("I mean, of course, the horse") was appropriately expressed, Richard Andrews was good on Yul Brynner's brow—

the single trace of vegetation
Upon that globe admired by half a nation.

and so was Esmé Kelly on the Editor of the *N.S. & N.*

Three guineas go to Norman Page; a guinea each to the other authors printed. Highly commended, in addition to those already named, are J. G. Dixon, Hilary, Graeme Wilson, Colin Bell and C. H. Lewis

SONNET TO MISTRESS MILLER'S EYEBROW

One day I wrote her name upon the Strand:
A mounted Bobbie forced me to delete.
In Leicester Square I almost touched her hand,
While Première thousands trod upon my feet.
I've seen each film a dozen times or more,
And now I wait (I state the fact with pride)
On tenterhooks to see the next—yet, sure,
No prince could sleep with MONROE at his side!
Who seeks the mistress needs must bribe the maid,
And thus have I accomplished my design:
Plucked from the famous brow, this silky thread
Forms a fit relic for a private shrine.
I daily bend a pilgrim's knee to kiss it.
(The viewer from the bridge will never miss it.)

NORMAN PAGE

TO DR. SITWELL

The obvious rhyme for eyebrow
Is highbrow,
And Dr. Edith Sitwell
Would fit well,
As such, for panegyric
Or lyric.
Wherefore, Madam, receive it!
Believe it,
Nor raise that brow unduly,
For truly,
Despite my low-grade I.Q.
I like you.

L. NUGENT

TO PRINCESS CAROLINE'S EYEBROW

As yet, O youthful eyebrow,
Detection you defy, brow;
A no-one-can-descry-brow
Proclaims your tender age.

You may become a high brow,
Or, dare we say, a dye brow;
A sort of asking-why brow,
Portrayed on *Tatler* page.

A wed-some-wealthy-guy brow,
A how-much-will-he-buy brow—
Or maybe at a shy brow
The Seventies will rage.

But in this year of grace, he lies
Who sees you with the naked eyes.

D. R. PEDDY

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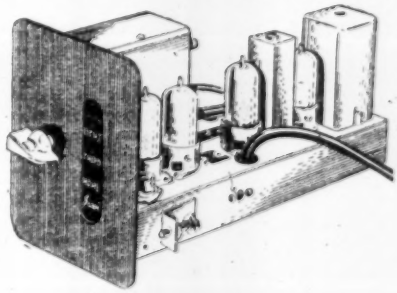

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TO LOW'S EYEBROWS

When that I see those black and twin-born arcs
That guard the sacred portals of your eyes,
In muted eloquence, expressive, rise,
My soul expectant looks for happy sparks;
For those same speaking exclamation marks
Do guarantee defeat of all surmise
Excepting only humorous surprise
Outlined in what the common sort call larks.

Half-hidden on the modest edge of view
Those midnight brows proclaim their own amaze
That suchlike scenes a wicked pen should dare.
And as I scan the picture limned by you,
Your eyebrows, rising higher, seem to graze
Forgotten frontiers manned by long-lost hair.

ALLAN M. LAING

# City Lights

## A City Set on a Hill

Poor Hill! Wasn't the Housing Minister trouble enough, losing North Lewisham and making Mr. Butler cross? And now the Chancellor, on top of it all, deliberately sets out to make himself unpleasant. Poor Hill!

Last year, Mr. Macmillan put forward a savings budget: he proposed to spend an extra £240m but promised to make economy cuts which would save at least £100m of it. Supplementary estimates have since overtaken what cuts he made and added another £100m to the original bill. It never looked as if it was going to be easy to cut government expenditure this year, but the City had been shouting for cuts so loudly that it had come to expect them. The Chancellor, meanwhile, knew that the civil estimates in his pocket were already £130m higher than the bill for the year just ending. Even this, making allowance for a cut in defence spending, higher insurance contributions and the general rise in prices, could be made to look like a small reduction in real terms. He might have got away with it at home. The trouble lay abroad.

There is one point on which the Treasury and the Bank of England always agree when telling new Chancellors what they must and must not do. A group of hard-faced men, they explain, sit in Zurich and New York, watching the course of British government policy, weighing it against the established principles of sound finance, and selling sterling, if they find it wanting, to an extent which topples gold reserves and Chancellors together. The odd thing about these inexorable watchers is that their reported views are remarkably similar to those of equally hard-faced but rather unimportant people at home—people whose opinions are gaily passed over, even by the Tories, in ordinary times, but come into their own on the back of this official image when things are going at all badly.

Already, one of the main reasons for the long hesitation over bringing down Bank rate had been the realisation that nothing much could be done about government expenditure and the fear that the hard-faced men might take this as seriously as the Governor of the Bank or the *Daily Express*. The Vote on Account was due to appear at a time when sterling was doing no more than passably well. The Chancellor was warned that he must create an impression of strength. Accordingly, he decided to anticipate his budget; he announced that he would be saving £17½m by increasing the price of welfare milk and school meals—a step with no economic or budgetary significance which is bound to create a political uproar and upset Dr. Hill considerably. One thing the Treasury and the Bank have gained from their successful advocacy of convertibility—ministers can now be hypnotised into submission by a hint of what might happen to sterling if they are obstinate.

* * *

Whatever the money market may think of Sir Walter Monckton's appointment as chairman of the Midland Bank, it has no reason to feel kindly disposed towards the government at the moment. When Bank rate was reduced the other week, the market lifted its bid for Treasury bills and the rate came down a further ⅛ per cent. This was rather more than had been expected, and the Bank hinted to the market fairly strongly that it was pressing ahead too quickly. What were the discount houses to do? Unless they kept up their bid, they might lose to outside competition an undue share of the bills on which they depend for their living: unless they lowered it, the Bank might be annoyed. In the end they remembered their station, lowered their bid, and received only 10 per cent. of the bills allotted—the lowest share on record. This sort of thing makes for bitterness. It has even been hinted darkly that a good deal of the outside competition for bills comes from foreign central banks, and that the Bank of England, which handles such bids, is too good at letting its right hand know what its left is doing.

* * *

News is expected very soon about the denationalisation of the Steel Company of Wales, the largest operation which has been left at the bottom of the list. For the moment, it seems likely that only the Ordinary shares will be offered to the public; the terms, which may be tailored to suit an uneasy market and the company's capital programme, will be made attractive enough to ensure that the funding operation goes through successfully. Judging by the current state of the market in steel shares, however, the company will have to be sold off cheaply. It will be interesting to see how the Realisation Agency deals with its prior charges and the financing of its development programme. So far the practice has been for the government to sell equity shares in steel companies to the public, while itself continuing to provide (on cheap terms) the funds which produce expansion and profits.

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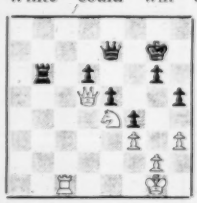
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

# The Chess Board

## No. 380. Comedy of Errors

"Tragedy" might seem to be the more fitting term to him who happens to be erring; the more so since, as likely as not, it will be the type of error causing us futile self-reproach for having "thrown away" a hard-earned victory; and worst of all because one such error is only too likely to lead to another. Here (Grammatikov-Rellstab, 1940) is a case in point. White could win quite easily and safely by

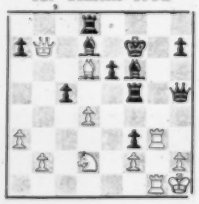


R-Q1 or, somewhat more dashingly, by R-B8, followed by Q-R8. Instead, by (1) R-B6??, he picked the one move to give his doomed opponent a new lease on life. After . . . R-Kt8 ch, (2) K-R2, Q-R2! White seemed in dire trouble, and he heaved a sigh of relief when he thought of (3) Kt-B5! Obviously Black mustn't take the Kt. He didn't, he played . . . Q-R8!; and now White was so depressed by his sudden change of fortune that he promptly resigned, instead of taking the draw he could still have had by (4) R-B7 ch, K-R3, (5) R-R7 ch! K x R (forced), (6) Q-B7 ch, K-R3, (7) Q-B8 ch, etc. A similarly instructive position—reported by Paul Schlensker in *Schach-Echo*—occurred to Kretzschmer-Laue, 1951: / 4r2k/ 3R2pq/ pb6/ 1p4Qp/ 4Ktp2/ 1PP2P1P/ 1P4PK/ 8/. Being already a P up and in a dominating position, White could easily decide the game by R x P, followed by Q x RP; but he did play (1) Kt-B6, considering this even more decisive and overlooking that, by . . . R-K8, Black could force a perpetual if the Q were taken. White *should* have taken it, but having thrown away the win he threw the draw after it by letting himself be mated, (2) P-R4? R-R8 ch, (3) K x R, Q-Kt8 ch, (4) K-R2, Q-Kt8 ch, (5) K-R3, Q-R8. Finally, here is the climax of a wild chase rather than a comedy of errors committed on both sides. With well over a dozen moves to do in a minute (and actually doing half a dozen more because there was no time even to "tick" the moves on the score-sheet) this was the position at the height of the Steiner-Sämisch time-scramble (Dresden 1926). / Ktbqk4/ Q4p2/ 3p4/ 3Pkt1p1/ 3RP3/ P6r/ 1PP2P1p/ 1K5R/.

(36) QR5 ch, K-K2, (37) Kt-Kt6, Q-Kt5, (38) Q-R8, R-R1 (39) R(4)-Q1, K-B3, (40) Q-Kt7, K-Kt3, (41) P-R4, Kt-B6 (42) Q-Q7? Q x Q, (43) Kt x Q, B-R2, (44) R-Q3, P-Kt5, (45) P-R5, B x P, (46) K-B1? K-Kt4? (47) P-K5, K-B5? (48) P-K6 B-K6 ch, (49) K-Kt1, P x P? (50) P x P, B-Kt8.

Both having missed the win by the advance of their passed pawns, White finally pinned all his hopes on the clock; since his opponent hadn't exceeded the time limit White resigned, overlooking that he could get rather the better of it by (51) P-K7, R-K1, (52) Kt-B6! R x P, (53) Kt-Q5 ch, K-K5, (54) Kt x R, P-Kt6, (55) Kt-B5! etc.

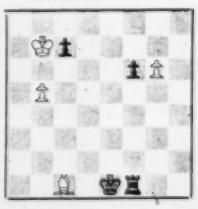
**A:** Harms 1952



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White played (1) R-Kt8. Black countered . . . P-K4, and instead of winning easily by P x KP, White took the R. How was he punished? **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are wins for White.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 4.

**B:** Henri Rinck



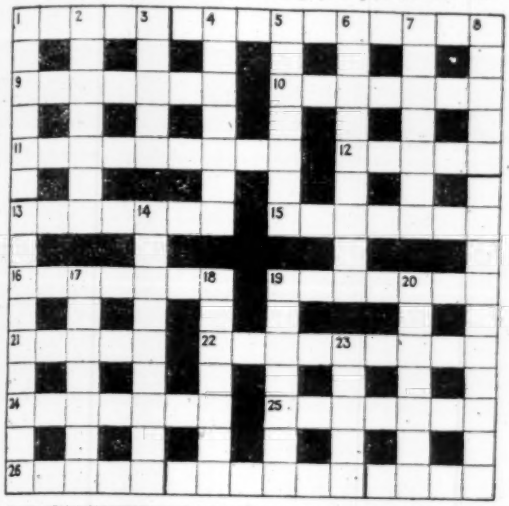
**C:** E. Ratner 1931

REPORT on No. 377 Competition held over

ASSIAC

# Week-end Crossword No. 239

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 239, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 5.*



## ACROSS

1. An unconsidered opinion of a fresh publication? (5, 10).
9. The language to allow this in a different construction (7).
10. Barring the mother dynasty (7).
11. Rearrange that score with one alteration for the musicians (9).
12. "An attachment à la ——— for a bashful young potato" (Gilbert) (5).
13. Voilà une sainte (7).
15. Dance in which the favourite farmyard animal moves backwards at the end (7).
16. Dead and transformed into extras (7).
19. It is of less value to show enthusiasm about a parent's return (7).
21. These papers put the same ten in a different order (5).
22. The hat puts a Tory note into the poem (9).
24. As cat-like as a cat and its lives (7).
25. In this country there is, inter alia, prohibition (7).
26. American communists are some'chicken? (5, 6, 4).

## DOWN

1. The sympathiser makes the don commercial (6, 9).
2. Network for the opposite of one who quotes the French (7).
3. Food for the fifth journey? (5).
4. Deprived of his cap, the wise man would still have two degrees (7).
5. Storm about the reinforcement coming up beaming with joy (7).
6. Hear poems broadcast as a means of communication (9).
7. The counterfeit in him I tantalise unmercifully (7).
8. Songs of pure origins last in a different rendering (5, 10).
14. Girl who starts with a home in Ireland (9).
17. It makes a game to try to get the operator about the smell (7).
18. One of these retorts might do for an Australian perhaps? (7).
19. The musical work to preserve an expression of farewell (7).
20. The price of sin is an entry in coppers (7).
23. Like a ball or couch (5).

SET-SQUARE

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*Solution to No. 237*

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 237

*R. A. D. Forrest (Harlow), Alan Cash (Wednesbury), Miss Jordan (Tring)*


### ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LARGE furn. rm. overlkg. River. H. c. basin. All con. £2 10s. wk. PUT. 4148.

BUSINESS woman wd. welcome companion share comfortable roomy flat, Wimbledon. Own b/s. Garden. Reasonable. Box 649.

15 mins. West End, furn. flat 3 persons, quiet house. MAI. 0908 after 7 p.m.

FURN. sgle. divan b/sit. 58 Hamilton Road, N.W.11. Phone MEA. 1382.

NICELY furn. flat. Also comf. b/s. Suit 2/3 adults. Gd. locality. 1 hr. Oxford Circus. GLA. 8786 aft. 6.30 p.m. Sat.

PUTNEY. Attractively furnished divan-room with kitchen for single man. £2 15s. per week. PUT. 3395.

HIGHGATE Village. Furn. divan rm. Georgian house. Student/prof. person (man pref.) £3 3s. week incl. elec. Box 547.

CONTINENTAL house Hampstead. 1st floor double room, centr. heating, h. & c. basin, garden, servi.es. MAI. 3440.

2 very attract. sgle. divan b/sits. All amenities. 45s. each. TUD. 8844.

HIGHGATE Woods. Small divan-room, suit student. 32s. 6d. p.w. Pro rata housework. TUD. 8207.

5 fully furn. flats/flatlets from 50s. p.w., approx. 10 dbl. bed/sitters from 45s. & 10 sing. from 30s. p.w. This is a selection of the apartments now available in this area through London Accom. Bureau. Approx. 1,500 apartments always avail. GER. 9050.

NEWLY decorated, well-furnished bed-sitting rooms. H. & c., cooking facilities, all conveniences. 3 mins. Ealing Broadway Stn. 43 Mount Park Road, W.5.

25s. p.w. Single room in Battersea Park flat until Oct. One night baby-sitting. No restrictions. Gas ring. MAC. 2319.

RICHMOND (tel. 2560), dble. div.-rms., fully carpeted, ev. comf., h. & c., gas fires, rings. Few mins. Stn. 26 Church Rd.

ASHDOWN Forest. Holiday bungalow, sleeps 7, 2 acres orchard, stream. Electricity, gar., ind. san., close village, £5 weekly. Not August. Box 561.

S/C flat, 1-2 rms., k. & b., reqd. by bus. woman. Baker St./St. J. Wood/Regent's Pk., pref. Unf. but wd. cons. furn. Box 657.

VISITING town planner-architect couple want small furn. flat from April (or sooner) until July. Up to 6gns. Box 658.

YOUNG woman in publishing seeks an unfurn./partly-furn., central London flat. Excellent refs., redecorate, etc. Miss Mahon, 24 Russell Sq., W.C.1. MUS. 9543 (daytime).

YOUNG business woman seeks furn./part-furn. s/c flat 2-3 rooms, kit., within 20 mins. W. End. Reas. rent. Refs. Box 633.

YNG. Dr.'s widow (no childr.) urg. needs small unfurn. flat in London. Box 681.

PRIMITIVE, unfurn. studio/living accom. required in/near London. Box 544.

### PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

CHELSEA, S.W.10. S/c. furn. flat to be let, 6 months or longer, from mid-March. Large sitting-room, double bedroom, kit., bathrm., tel. 5gns. p.w. Box 570.

NEW Zealand & Australian visitors require furn. flats for 6 months & 1 year lets. Must be easily accessible Cent. London. L.A.B. GER 9050.

### PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED—continued

THREE-room primitive cottage to let, Snowdonia. Sleep 4-6. 4gns. p.w. Stein, 75 Hornsey Lane Gardens, London, N.6.

N. DULWICH. Furn. s/c. flat, lge. sitrm., bedrom., kit.-bathrm. 4½gns. 12 mins. train Ldn. Bdg./buses. FOR. 1374.

THE ideal tenant (×2). Two young men, intelligent, tidy, quiet, require from mid-March s/c furnished flat—rec., 1 bedroom, k. & b. Would decorate. Is this an impossible demand in W.1, S.W.1, 3 or 7, etc. for £6 p.w.? Please advise Box 552.

### PROPERTIES FOR SALE

PROPERTY Clapton. Being entirely renovated. 7 rooms, etc., £1,975. 45 yrs. @ £7 p.a. Mortgage available. Also: shop, Hackney. 4 rooms above. Opportunity Espresso? 3-year lease £550. No rent. Extension possible. John Stamford, 151 Clapton Common, E.5. STA. 0066.

### WHERE TO STAY

FARMHOUSE, old but with mod. cons., near Lincoln. Morning tea or orange juice incl. for 7 gns. a week. Less for families. Mid-May to September. Box 565.

CORNWALL. Come to "Sleepy Hollow," Polperro, for tranquility and enchantment. This little hotel, friendly and informal, overlooking sea, away from the crowds, offers English cooking at its best. Brochure. Tel. Polperro 288.

CORNWALL. A happy holiday assured at Clifton House, Port Isaac. Mod. facils. Lounge overlkg. lovely coastline. Tel. 291.

VISIT the West Coast of Ireland & stay at Avendale House, Mulrany, Co. Mayo.

PENDINE Sands. Homely, comf. accomm., beautiful country & coastal scenery, safe bathing. Gd. table, home produce, 6gns. Special terms for family party. No vacancies Aug. 10-Sept. 7. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

OAKHURST Hotel, The Ridge, Hastings, is a must in 1957. Beautiful grounds with putting, tennis, etc. Friendly atmosphere, excellent food but low charges. Brochure.

BEADON Prior Hotel, Salcombe, S. Devon. Views, peace, comfort, good fcod. Tel. Salcombe 193.

HOLIDAY flat with kitchenette £2 p.w. or room with board: Eyre, Sparrowcourt, Eythorne, Dover.

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beaut.-scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

ALWAYS stay at an Ashley Courtenay recommended Hotel. The 1957 edition of "Let's Halt Awhile," his reliable guide to some 700 Hotels and Inns, now available 9s. 6d. from your bookshop or from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd., 68 (N) St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

ISLES of Scilly. A short holiday now "away from it all" amongst the spring flowers will do you a world of good. Write Town Hall, (4), St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly.

FARM Holidays—get your 1957 Farm Holiday Guide with Britain's best farm houses covering every county from Land's End to John O'Groats; price 3s 6d. Farm Holiday Guide, Dept. NS, 18 High Street, Paisley.

### WHERE TO STAY—continued

IS petrol really necessary at Penrallt? Hill-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 6-7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

CORNISH Riviera (central): in lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in restful manor. Sailing. Lovely walks. Swimming. Games Room. 5 hrs. London to Par—rail your car. Trains met free. Broch. 3, Penquite Hse. Hotel, Golant, Par, Fowey 124.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yards sea front. Gdns., putting grn. Garages. Superlative food. Apr. 7½gns. Summer 9-11gns.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent.y heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

INEXPENSIVE family holiday at Westbrook House, Teignmouth, S. Devon. A do-as-you-please holiday. Do what you like when you like. Gd. ckg. facs. On main bus routes. Children welc. Plath, Westbrook House.

BARMOUTH, Wales. Marine Mansion Private Hotel at sea's edge. A.A. & R.A.C. Miles of sands, lovely inland walks. 9 to 12gns. Broch. from N. S. Jackson.

MULLION, Cornwall, Mounts Bay Hotel, offers every comfort. H. & c. in all rooms, excellent cuisine. Cocktail bar. Write for brochure.

CWALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac. Tel. 285. Homely guesthse., facing sea, farm prod., nr. coach tours depot. Gd. food 5-7 gns.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Close Station. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

SIMON the Pieman Tearooms, Lion Street, Rye, receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

WOT—no petrol? You won't need it in lovely Chagford. One (local) horsepower will take you where you will on Dartmoor. Apply Sec. Chagford Hotels Association, Devon.

ADRIATIC Sun for you as well. Pensione "Tre Grazie," Miramare di Rimini, offers first-class food & accommodation 18s. per day. Write at once to our London Representative, Nina Froud, 54-55 Chandos House, Palmer St., S.W.1. (ABBey 4826.)

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provencal Hotel. Beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, first-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

CÔTE d'Azur. Sea, sun, excl. cuisine. Hotel du Gros Pin, Le Bruse, Var.

PARIS for Easter. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux, Latin Quarter. English spoken. C.h. Bath, h. & c. Recently modernised. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Genevieve, Paris V. Metro: Maubert-Mutualité.

### TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ACCURATE typing of all kinds of MS. Plays, novels, theses and technical MS given every care. Moderate terms. Sweeting, 18 Ouseley Road, S.W.12. BALham 6462.

YOUR novels, short stories, articles, etc., perfectly typed and attractively presented. MSS edited if required. Moderate charges. Leila Bentley, 104 Francklyn Gardens, Edgware, Middx. STO. 8598.

MRS. JOLLY will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

EXPERT Dupg./Typg. Theses, MSS, Plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

TYPING required. Reports, Manuscripts, etc. Will accept by post. HOU. 6647.

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, S.W.1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

AUTHORS' MSS; any length typed in 7 days (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Short stories, etc., by return. Typescripts carefully checked. Great emphasis laid on accuracy and attractive presentation. Overnight Service: Open until 9 p.m. and week-ends. Teledicta Service: Dictate letters, translations, memoranda, etc., over telephone—9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Four-hour Duplicating Service. Indexing, cataloguing, editing, proof-reading, Literary research, etc. Temporary Secretaries. Dictating Machine Services. Public/private meetings reported. Recording machines for hire. Translations from and into all languages. Secretarial Aunts, 32/34 Rupert St., W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd., E.C.1. CLE. 1564 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn.).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 5809.

EXPERIENCED translator (German/English, English/German) at present able to take on some additional work. Also research, indexing and proof-reading. Box 587.

### SCHOOLS

BROOMBANK School, Selsey, Sussex. Sound education with special facilities for music and art. Brochure free. Selsey 2774.

ODAM Hill School & Home Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton. Education with a practical bias for girls & boys. Training in General Farming, Riding, Domestic Science. Mrs. Falkner, B.A.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth; co-education, 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. Day school for boys & girls of 5-13. Inspected by the Scottish Education Department. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, H.A. (Oxon).

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer in Northern Ireland to arrange and produce talks and discussions (Studio and Outside Broadcasts) by qualified speakers in Agriculture, and on general subjects. Candidates must have suitable educational background and experience, and be capable of taking part in broadcasts. First-hand knowledge of Northern Ireland an advantage. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 maximum. Requests for applic. forms (enclosing addressed env. and quoting ref. G.10) N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship (£550—£650 p.a.) in Medieval History. In certain circumstances an appointment might be made to a Grade II Lectureship (£650—£1,350 p.a.) at or near the bottom of the scale. Qualifications or a special interest in European History would be an advantage. Duties to commence on October 1, 1957. Applications (five copies), including the names of three referees, should be sent by March 4, 1957, to the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3, from whom further partics. can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Arts. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer (£550—£650 p.a.) or Lecturer (£650—£1,350 p.a.) in Music. Initial salary within the range £550—£750 p.a. according to age, qualifications and experience. Duties to commence October 1, 1957. Applications (five copies), including the names of three referees, should be sent by March 4, 1957, to the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1957; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1957. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking ther examinations in 1957 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualification may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer. Minimum £925 (women £853); Men's scale maximum £1,135. Assistant Experimental Officer. Starting pay £365 (at 18) up to £655 (women £632) at 26. Men's scale maximum £805. Women's scales are being raised to reach equality with men's by 1961. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Opportunities for further education. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/57. Interview Boards arranged at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited for post of Warden of Women's Halls of Residence (200-250 students). Applicants should be women with administrative ability, preferably graduates. Salary scale £900 × 50—1,200 × 50—1,600 p.a. Entry point determined by qualifications and experience. F.S.S.U. Unfurnished accommodation provided. Passages paid on appointment, normal termination and leave (once every 3 years). Duties to be assumed on June 1, 1957, or as soon as possible thereafter. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 2 referees by March 11, 1957, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Philosophy. Initial salary, dependent on qualifications and experience, within the scale £650-£1,350 a year, with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances. Particulars obtainable from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by March 6.

READING Education Committee. South Reading Community Centre. Applications invited for post of Assistant Warden (man or woman). The person appointed will be required to assist the Warden generally in organising the social, educational and recreational activities of the Centre, but will have special responsibility for the development of new activities. Salary £543-£625. Further particulars and application forms, returnable by March 4, obtainable from Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, Blagrave St., Reading.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council require in April, 1957, two Senior House Fathers and one Senior House Matron at Anerley School, Versailles Road, S.E.20, when the school will be reorganised to accommodate 40 maladjusted children. It is hoped to appoint a married couple to fill the positions of one Senior Housefather and the Senior Housematron. Salary for each position £451 4s. × £14 2s.—£521 14s. inclusive. A special allowance of £28 4s inclusive is payable for working with maladjusted children. An additional allowance of £17 12s. 6d. is payable for possession of the Certificate in Residential Child Care. Appointments above the minimum of the scale may be made for candidates with relevant experience. A charge of £120 12s. a year is made for board, lodging and laundry. Comfortably furnished large bedroom apart from staff sitting room. No accommodation for children. Application forms (returnable by March 2) and further details from Education Officer (Estab. 6 268 N), County Hall, London, S.E.1.

UNITED Nations Association. Part (half) time Regional Officer for North East based on Newcastle. Salary £325 × £12 10s. to £400 p.a. Public speaking and organising experience. Send fscp. s.a.e. for form from 25 Charles Street, W.1.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Applications are invited from suitably qualified Men or Women for the posts of full-time Club Leaders as under: (a) Godalming: Farncombe Youth Club (Re-advertisement). (b) Surbiton: Hook Youth Club (Initial appointment). Both clubs are Mixed Youth Clubs meeting in their own premises and catering primarily for boys and girls of 15-20 years of age who have left school. Salary, Men £500 × £25—£750, Women £460 × £20—£680 (plus equal pay increments), plus London Allowance where applicable. Practical experience in Mixed Youth Club work is essential and a recognised Diploma or Certificate of Training is desirable. Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, and should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement.

EXPERIENCED Master or Mistress wanted to teach general subjects to E.S.N. boys and girls. Must be prepared to study and later to apply R. Steiner method; musical or artistic abilities an advantage. Burnham scale or above according to abilities, full board and residence, school holidays. Apply to The Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey.

A TUTOR Organiser to develop adult education within the trade union movement in Bristol is required by the Western District of the W.E.A. Applicants should hold a University degree in Economics and should have a special interest in trade union affairs. The salary scale is £550-£900, but the starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to qualifications and experience, and additional increments above the normal maximum may be paid at the discretion of the District. Full details from District Sec., W.E.A., 7 St. Nicholas Street, Bristol 1, to whom applics. should be sent by March 11.

FAMILY Service Units in Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and London, wish to appoint men and women social workers for the extension of their intensive casework with "problem families." Special training provided. Details concerning salary, qualifications, etc., from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

SURREY. Progressive Education. New Sherwood School, Epsom, has vacancies at the end of April for two resident teachers of responsible, progressive educational views, a man to teach any two of science, maths., French, Geography (preferably science as one) and a woman to help with under-eight-year-olds. Married couple ideal. Write fully to the Principal.

SENIOR appointment in busy Settlement now vacant. Work with schools, families, old people, etc. Domestic Science training desirable but not essential. Applications only considered from practical people, willing to use own initiative. Apply with names of two referees to Miss J. Baxter, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire Street, London, S.E.15.

NETHERNE Psychiatric Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Occupational Therapist female required for large active department of 11 Therapists. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Applications together with the names of two referees to the Physician Superintendent.

INTERNAT. Jewish Organisation requires for its British Branch (London) expd. fund-raising & organising secretary (Jewish). Co-operation of influential Executive Committee assured. Applications will be treated in strict confidence. Box 594.

OXFORD House, Mape Street, Bethnal Green, London, require Youth Leader. New premises; opportunity for single man. Large club, both sexes, not single-handed. Salary on scale £600 × £25—£775. Apply The Head, for further particulars.

EDITORIAL assistant needed for medical journal. Experience of editing and/or proof-reading and accurate typing essential. Knowledge of medical terms an advantage. Send full details and salary reqd. Box 557.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INSTRUCTOR Branch Royal Navy. Why not utilise your scientific and professional knowledge and at the same time enjoy the comradeship of Service life with the Royal Navy. The Royal Navy offers Short Service commissions in the Instructor Branch to graduates in Mathematics, Physics, Engineering, Chemistry, Metallurgy, History and English and to non-graduates with teaching experience in Science subjects. The work of the Instructor Officer is fundamental to the Fleet and covers the widest field of operational, technical and academic duties ashore and afloat. Instructor Officers are also the meteorologists of the Royal Navy. Note also: Undergraduates in final year may apply; Short Service Commissions may be for 3, 4 or 5 years; A Short Service Commission fulfils obligations for National Service; £405 tax free gratuity after 3 years and pro rata for longer; All Short Service officers may apply for permanent commissions; Candidates must be British subjects, sons of British parents, under 36 years old and medically fit. For further details apply to: Director, Naval Education Service (P 20), Admiralty, London.

COUNTY of Nottingham. Welfare Department. Welfare Services for the Physically Handicapped. Qualified and Experienced Caseworkers, preferably with training and/or experience in supervision, are invited to apply for the new post of Casework Officer. Salary £656-£784 plus car allowance. Forms from County Welfare Officer, County Hall, Trent Bridge, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Male Assistant District Welfare Officers/Mental Health Workers. Applications are invited from men holding a University Diploma or Certificate in Social Science or Mental Health. Five appointments are to be made to newly established posts; practical experience not essential. The posts provide an opportunity of obtaining training and experience and promotion in the county service. Salary A.P.T. II (£543 5s. -£691 17s. 6d.). Application forms and further particulars from County Welfare Officer, County Hall, Trent Bridge, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

FULL- or part-time appointment with Nottingham Marriage Guidance Council to organise educational activities, in particular pre-marital education and training for young people and engaged couples. Some public speaking. Man or woman with degree or similar qualification. Offers interesting work in a new field. Salary £600 p.a. A small flatlet available, temporary occupation. Application by letter giving qualifications, experience, personal particulars and two refs. to Sec., 61 Derby Road, Nottingham.

THE National Council of Social Service has vacancy for Organising Tutor, full- or part-time, to develop refresher and training courses for workers for old people's welfare, mainly in London, organised by the National Old People's Welfare Council (from whom further particulars may be obtained). Salary £650 per annum. Applications stating experience and qualifications to 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. by March 9.

ADVERTISING Assistant wanted for machine tool makers. Knowledge of engineering helpful but not necessary. Able to write copy for catalogues, direct mail pieces, check printer's proofs. Accuracy essential. Non-contributory pension and assurance scheme. Write, F. J. Edwards, Ltd., 359 Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

MALADJUSTED children. Two young Assistant Housemothers will shortly be required at small residential school. For these posts, Stability and Enthusiasm are more highly esteemed than training and experience. Six weeks' holiday. £200 p.a. plus board and lodging. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

SH/Typist for general office work reqd., 5-day week. Union of Democratic Control, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1. VIC. 4962.

DISABLED ex-Serviceman (not over 45 years of age) required for duties as Post and Despatch Clerk. Good handwriting and retentive memory. Commencing salary £8 5s. per week, rising to a maximum of £9 per week. Hours 10 a.m. to 5.45 p.m., alternate Saturdays 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 573.

MALE Clerk for general duties in Trade Union Education Department of large organisation in Westminster. Typing desirable. Plenty of work in pleasant, friendly office. Commencing salary £8 14s per week, rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 574.

SHORTHAND reporter (male aged 25 to 30), preferably with verbatim or near verbatim speed, wanted by firm reporting officially the meetings of leading professional institutions and learned societies, and capable of producing short reports thereof for technical journals. The successful applicant is assured of an interesting career with income commensurate with his output and ability; opportunities for foreign travel. Box 596.

CLASSIFIER/bibliographer reqd. by commercial undertaking to work on interesting project. Perm. post. Salary according to exp. plus luncheon vouchers. Box 712.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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